J. R. Mitchell

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OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

Sports of the Turf.

NEW YORK RACES.

The fourth day's races, which took place on Friday 31st May, came off too late to be included in our last week's paper with certainty, or full particulars, and we therefore resume the subject now.

No such week's sport has perhaps been ever seen in the United States, as ours has been:—the weather was most propitious on every day of the running,—the Course thronged, and admirable order preserved by the public spirit and good management of its new proprietor, Mr. Botts. We are greatly indebted to him for the very admirable manner in which the sports have been conducted throughout, and we trust that by the Fall we shall have to thank him for the only things now wanting to render the Union Course what it should be,—the very first in the country for beauty and interest,—which it will be when it has an appropriate pavilion for the ladies,—heaven bless 'em! and improved stands both for the public, and the Jockey Club.

First Race.—Sweepstakes,—Single two Miles.

Mr. Pearsall's s. m. *Medora* by Rattler, 7 years 1
Mr. Jackson's gr. m. *Farmer's Damsel* by Eclipse 4 years, 2
Mr. Van Mater's s. m. *Fanny Kemble*, by Eagle, 3

At starting *Fanny* took the lead, but was unable to secure such a long run of success as her namesake, and gave it up to her neighbors. *Medora*, who was the favorite at odds against the field, now began to show her friends that their opinion was well founded and won the race in good style, in 3m. 55 sec.

Second Race.—Proprietor's Purse, $500.—Two mile heats.

John C. Craig's ch. h. *Ripley*, 5 years, 6 1 1
Joseph Van Mater's b. c. *Tempest*, 4 years 3 3 2
Bela Badger's c. m. *Lady Lancaster*, 4 years, 2 2 3
James M. Seldon's b. h. *Duke of Orleans*, 5 years. 1 4 4
Rob't Stevens'—*Massaniello*, 4 years. 4 dis.
William Gibbom's—*Empress*, 5 years, 5 dis.
John M. Botts' *Ariadne*, 4 years, 7 " "

1st Heat.—Three to two, and even two to one, were freely offered on Masaniello,—but the result not only took in the knowing ones, but proved abundantly the folly of long odds on any favorite against a large field. At the start, the "Duke" took the lead and kept it easily for the first mile, when the Tempest followed closely at his heels attended by Lady Lancaster. A sharp brush now took place, but the Duke still followed Crocket's advice to "go ahead," and though some hard running was made in the last quarter, he won the heat by three or four lengths, in 3 min. 51 sec. Ripley and Ariadne lay by for the next heat, and dropt in, merely saving their distance.

2d Heat.—The "Duke of Orleans" took the lead, and though Massaniello had lost many pounts in the betting, he determined to "push the Duke," and was closely seconded by Ripley. At the three quarter stretch a severe brush was made, and the whole field were so close together that for a while none of the seven could be seen to have the lead. At length Ripley sprang out of the crowd, closely followed by Lady Lancaster and Tempest. A beautiful race now ensued between these three, which after a sharp contest was won by Ripley. Time 3 47.

**** Mr. J. M. Botts' Ariadne did not run for this heat owing to the Judge's giving the word to "go," while she was yet being led back from a previous false start.

Finding the other six were off without her, Mr. Botts ordered his mare to be unsaddled. This error is much to be regretted as it threw Mr. Botts out of the Race, and deprived it of the sport expected from the known excellence of Ariadne, whose tried quality of bottom had caused her not to be pushed for the first heat. Masaniello, the favorite in the first heat, was *distanced* in the second, together with Empress. So much for betting long odds on a favorite against the field.

3d Heat.—Ripley, Tempest, Lady Lancaster, and Duke of Orleans, started for this heat, but such was the confidence in the speed and bottom of Ripley that three to one were freely offered, and he won the heat with great ease in 3m. 51sec.

Third Race.

Match for $300.—A Single Mile.

Capt. Stockton's colt *Monmouth*, 1
Mr. W. Coleman's colt *Charles Kemble*, 2

From the style in which Charles Kemble beat Powhattan on Wednesday he was so much the favorite that five to three, and two to one were freely sported on him. But it seemed fated that no *better* of the odds, should be the *better* of the two races. Such was the popularity of the favorite, that two to one could with difficulty find takers, yet from the jump it was evident that Monmouth had the foot of him, and he came in, hard in hand, in 1 min. 54 sec.

Thus terminated the regular racing of the week, and it is universally allowed that better sport altogether, has not been known on the Union Course. Finer Colts have run this spring than on any previous occasion, and the North has had a full training over the South. But our laurels are by no means secure. Lilipee's colts out of Southern dams will soon contend against his Northern stock, and we sincerely hope to see the "Old Dominion" once more compete with us under more favorable circumstances. For rivalry, of an honorable kind, produces exertion, and results in the improvement of both parties, and an increase of sport may be expected from it at our next Fall Races, as a Match has already been made between *Medora* and a Southern Colt for 10,000 dollars to come off then.

An extra Race took place after the regulars were finished, which, coming off, when as a member of the Jockey Club, we were engaged in discussing dinner, and *other* important matters, we report on the authority of a sporting friend on whom we can rely.

Sweepstakes—Mile Heats.

Mr. T. Jones' ch. m. ———, 1 1
Mr. Van Sickler's s. f. ———, 2 2
Mr. Snedicar's b. c. ———, 3 3

1st Heat.—Mr. Jones' Mare took the lead from the start, closely followed by the Filly. In the first quarter the Colt bolted but was brought upon the Course again though a full hundred yards behind, yet such was his speed that he was only beaten by a few lengths. Mr. Jones' Mare winning the heat in 2 min. 54 sec.

In the *second heat*, the bay Colt bolted at precisely the same spot, and though left *as far behind as before*, he nearly succeeded in heading the Filly,—ran past the winning post a full quarter,—and then threw his Rider,—but no hurt ensued. Mr. Jones' Mare won the 2d heat in 1 min. 55 seconds.

BALTIMORE SECOND SPRING MEETING,

OVER THE CENTRAL COURSE.

In consequence of the unprecedented bad weather at the late Races over the Central Course, which caused so much disappointment to the public as well as to the proprietor, notwithstanding the number of fine Horses on the field, the proprietor offers the following Purses to be run for on the 18th, 19th and 20th next month, (June) viz:—

FIRST DAY.

Tuesday—$700—Two Mile Heats—Entrance $15.

SECOND DAY.

Wednesday—$500—Three Mile Heats—Entrance $20.

THIRD DAY.

Thursday—$200—Mile Heats—best 3 in 5—Entrance $10.

☞ There will probably be some interesting Match Races besides.

With Mr. Botts' and Col. Wynn's stables, returning then from the North—some that have engaged to come from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the horses now in the District of Columbia and Maryland, a large field and fine sport is expected.

J. M. SELDEN, Proprietor.

WITCHCRAFT.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

Scott.

Every body knows, that since the middle of the last country, a belief in the interference of familiar spirits with the affairs of men has greatly subsided; and in proportion as the credence of the people was withdrawn from these supernatural agencies, the recurrence of such cases of supposed interference became less common. Whether faith in the people is necessary to keep alive those supernatural visitants, or whether they have found some new and more profitable harvest to compensate their labors, is a question I am entirely incompetent to determine. Be this as it may, our wives and daughters at this day, see fewer "ghosts and witches" than their grandmothers did.

I heard the following story related about twenty-five years ago, by an old hunter. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words. The narrator was probably at that time nearing his allotted "three score and ten"—stood fair among his neighbors as a man of veracity—and looked very serious while he was telling it. All I can say is, if he did not stick close to the truth, it was his fault, and not mine.

"My brother Ned and I"—said my informant when we were chunks of boys, nearly men, were "the greatest hunters in all the parts where we lived. There was a deep, rocky ravine, about two miles from where we lived, on the edges of which grew low, bushy trees, of plum and other small growth, overrun with immense quantities of mountain grape vine. Large flocks of turkies sometimes roosted there, and we used to kill numbers of them. After a while, Ned took to going there alone after night, for I had a lame ancle, and was not able to accompany him. He came home several times and told me he saw lots of turkies, but they always flew before he could get a shot at them. I told him it was strange; "Just Ned," says I, "as soon as I am able to walk I will go along with you, and see if I can't get a shot."—Well, in a few days I got well enough to go. We went straight to the turkey roost; and, sure enough, there was a monstrous large turkey, perched upon a grape vine, not more than a hundred feet or so from where we stood. I raised my gun and cocked it. The moon was shining as bright as day, so I could see a plumb through the sights of my rifle, and she was as good a piece as ever was bored. Well, I pull'd trigger and she snapped—never snapped before since I got her—did n't guess the reason—"pissed the frizzen was wet—rubbed it with my hat brim, and cocked her again:—I looked, and behold ye!—the turkey was ten times as large as it was when I first raised my gun. I was not easy scared in them days; but, mind I tell ye, my hair bristled at it. "Why," says Ned, 'that turkey's as big as a cow.' Well, thinks I, big or no big, I'll fire at it:—so I drawed a head on it the second time and pulled trigger—my gun snapped again! I threw out the powder from the pan, picked the flint, and primed afresh. Now, thinks I, if you don't go off it must be strange. I looked again for the turkey—and my name isn't Hannes if it was not as large as a common barn. 'Let 'r go,' says Ned—'there is witchcraft in it.' But I was not born in the woods to be scared at trifles. I took aim and pulled trigger the third time. At that instant, whether it was the gun that fired, or what I could not tell, and had no time to think—but the whole forest seemed to be on fire, and something like a heavy clap of thunder instantly followed, that shook the ground under my feet, an, tumbled great piles of rocks from the steep precipices, headlong down to the bed of the ravine below. I don't of it when the cannonading commenced at the battle of Brandywine'—Ah! that was as bloody a day as ever I saw"—General Washington behaved like a hero, and so did La Fayette—but we could not stand a regular engagement with the British regulars.—That same day my rifle sent more than one British officer to his long home:—and I would shoulder my rifle again any day in such a cause; yes, it was a glorious cause.——But I forgot to tell you about the turkey: it spread out its wings and flew; and we could see it flying along through the long valley to the east of us, for five or six miles, till it went out of sight; and as it passed along the waving of its mighty wings bent the tops of the trees on the adjacent hills, for all the world as if a great hurricane was rising. As soon as the turkey was gone out of our sight, I turned to look for Ned and before I could find him, it became pitch dark. The whole woods then seemed to be alive, and swarming with eyes, that sparkled around us in every direction. We had to feel our way out of the forest, till we struck on a path that led to our house. We had travelled every foot of the ground over a thousand times, or I do not think we should have found our way home that night.

Next morning I examined my gun. The same bullet that I put in her the night before was there still; the pitching was scorched a little, and the powder, both in the pan and in the barrel, was reduced to a sort of cinder.

Ned and myself thought this night's adventure so strange a thing that no body would believe it, and so we agreed never to mention it to any body. A few days afterwards, however, an old woman in the settlement that had been accused of bewitching her neighbor's cows, giving them the hollow horn, and inching them gave bloody milk, came to our house. She had not been in long, till she said to my mother "Well, I understand your boys got badly scared while hunting turkies t'other night." My mother had heard nothing of it:—"O," said she, it was nothing, only they saw a big turkey and could not get their guns off." When I came home at night, my mother told what had passed, and so the whole story came out.

When I tried my gun again, I could not get her to go off. I knew the old fog had placed a spell on her; so I borrowed another gun, and put a silver bullet in. I went and told the witch to remove the spell from my gun, or I would draw her figure in the sand, and shoot at it with my silver bullet, which they say is sure death to a witch. She took my gun, and blew her breath in it three times. At the last blast, I heard the same kind of noises that I heard on the night of the turkey hunt, only not so loud, for about five minutes, when they gradually died away. My gun was always sure fire afterwards—and the best gun, too, that ever shot a buck from the top of one hill to another—have got her yet, and will keep her to the day of my death."—*Literary Pioneer.*

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.

One of these men is genius to the other!
Which is—the Natural Man,
And which the Spirit!

Comedy of Errors, act v. sc. 1st.

Any traveller who may have been in Italy in the spring of 1825, must have heard of the celebrated major of the Royal Sardinian Life Guards, who bore so strong a resemblance to the great Napoleon as to excite the wonder of all those who had seen the Emperor. At that time I was on a visit to the city of Genoa. I recollect that one evening I was at the *Cafe de Grand Cairo* with a party of friends, when we observed an officer in the costume of the Guards reading at a table. We were struck with the resemblance which he bore to all the busts and portraits of the Emperor which we had seen. In the midst of our conjectures on the subject, an old French officer decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor, observing the surprise depicted on our countenances, very politely joined our party and said, "I can easily imagine, gentlemen, the subject of your present astonishment. That officer is one of the greatest wonders in Europe, and as much like Napoleon as if he were his twin brother; indeed some persons here go so far as to assert that both the Emperor and his prototype are from the same parent stock, which may be the case, as the major is a native of Corsica and about Napoleon's age. I assure you (continued the French officer) that I was near the Emperor on the night previous to the bloody and disastrous battle of Leipsic. I observed him perusing the bulletins of the army, his attitude, thoughtful mood, and his general demeanor was a perfect counterpart to the person before us. See! he is about taking a pinch of snuff! By heavens! Napoleon's manner to perfection." In a word, the enthusiasm of the French officer rose to such a pitch that all the visitors of the Cafe were staring at us.

The next evening I went to the opera to hear the celebrated Madame Catalini, and to have a peep at Ex-Empress Maria Louisa and her father, whose visit had been announced. We had not been long seated before we discovered the major in the adjoining box. He was standing up, his arms folded in the manner of Napoleon, and like him he wore a green coat buttoned up close to the neck, and decorated with two or three orders, which he had won in the Italian wars, and above all, the never to be forgotten little cocked hat. Soon after the Empress had entered her box accompanied by a brilliant suit, but presently the audience were thrown into amazement by some confusion in the royal box. Maria Louisa had caught a glimpse of the "counterfeit presentment" of her deceased husband, and her confusion and astonishment were exhibited in the most palpable manner. The King of Sardinia was forced to order him on duty, ten leagues from Genoa, as his person kept the soldiers in constant excitement, who never failed to present arms in passing him.

I understood previous to my leaving Genoa, that Maria Louisa had sent for the officer and presented him with a gold snuff box, with the Emperor's likeness set in brilliants. D.

LONDON POLICE.

Bow-Street.—*Second sight.*—Thomas M'Kean, the Editor of the boy who has made so much impression by his gift of the second sight, was charged at this office with threatening to do some grievous harm to his landlord.

It appeared that Mr. M'Kean, who is from the land of cakes, was in the habit of indulging too freely in his national partiality for toddy, and when under the influence of its potent spell, was not exactly prudent either in the use of his tongue, or in the manifestation of a more dangerous weapon, namely, his fist; in this mood he entered the room of his landlord, the night before, and, without the fear of law before him, threatened to smash his *head* into the consistency of a well-made haggis. Mr. Rue, his worthy host, looked most *rue*-ful at these indications of fine intent, and calling in the police, popped Mr. M'Kean under safe control. Mr M'Kean, in his defence, admitted that he had taken a "wee drap," and was not *altogether sober*; he assured his worship, however, that he had no evil intent, and that Mr. Rue's head was as safe from him, as a glass of cold water would be were a glass of warm toddy standing by its side.

Mr. Hall's making allowance for the flights of genius, discharged Mr. M'Kean, upon a promise to conduct himself more properly in future.

Mr Burnaby, the clerk, having mentioned that the youth gifted with second sight was in the office, Mr. Hobbs expressed a wish to witness a little of his mysterious powers. His father then blindfolded him; and Mr. Burnaby, taking out his watch, the father asked him of what metal it was composed. He promptly answered "gold," which was the fact. Mr. B. then took out his purse, when the father asked the boy (who was still bandfolded,) of what material it was made. He answered correctly, "of silk," and in answer to further questions, said there was gold at one end, and silver at the other; and even told the dates of years when the shillings and sixpences had been coined. The most amusing display of his extraordinary gift, however, was a reply which he made to old Salmon, the officer; who, putting his hat upon his head, asked him what was under it? "Ah! (said the boy, as quick as thought) it is not altogether *brains*;" an answer which excited so much risibility at poor Salmon's expense, that he exclaimed, regardless of the presence of the magistrate, the boy was an odd fish; and that he ought, at least, to be made a superintendent of police. The father stated, that he had five children all gifted in the same extraordinary way.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

Almost forty years since, an English gentleman, whom we subsequently became acquainted with, Mr. Benjamin Crediland of Leicester, (England,) detected and brought to justice a large gang of pickpockets, by unwittingly adopting one of their private signals. The transaction as he narrated it to us, was as follows: Mr. Crediland was sitting in the crowded and unsanitary hold in a closer box adjacent to Leicester. He casually noticed that a person in the throng had a sprig of fresh cut stuck in the bucket of one of his shoes. In a few minutes his attention was arrested by remarking another similarly situated. His first and natural conclusion was that the sprigs had been thus caught and retained by running through the luxuriant clover of the field, but on looking around he discovered so many who wore the sprig in the shoe, that he at once concluded it meant something more than met the eye, and which he determined if possible, to discover. Accordingly he retired a little—mounted a clover sprig according to pattern, in his own shoe; and mingled again with the crowd. In a very few minutes a brother sprig-gard laid his arm and in an under tone, said, Devon cut or carry?" "I carry," said Crediland, without knowing the meaning of either the question or reply. "Then come along with me," replied his interrogator. Crediland complied, and in a few moments his companion slipped off the skirts of a gentleman's coat, with a pocket containing a well lined pocket book, and thrust it into his hand. The mystery was now unriddled. Mr. Crediland separated from his new friend as soon as possible; informed the police who were in attendance; and in a short time with their aid, arrested a gang of about twenty pickpockets, who were identified by the sprig—to whom it had served as a signal of recognition and fellowship.—*Troy Sentinel.*

Stealing by a Magistrate.—A justice of the peace in North Carolina was recently found guilty of stealing a gold watch, and was sentenced to receive ten lashes, and stand in the pillory.

THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING NO NOSE

'Tis a very queer move,
That I'm going to prove,
Which you'll find e're I come to a close,
'Tis whether mankind,
All such as ar'nt blind,
Are the better or worse for a nose.
I have bother'd my brains,
And taken great pains,
To set down each doubt as it rose,
And now as you'll find,
I've made up my mind,
A man's a gainer by having no Nose.

For it doth appear:
He'll be safer by far,
To walk in the dusk if he goes,
For if he is wise,
He will trust to his eyes,
For we know,—he can't follow his Nose.
He smokes well enough
Tho' he cannot take snuff,
And when he's inclined for a doze,
He sits in his chair,—
Goes to sleep without care,
For no one can tickle his Nose.

And you need not be told
If he catches a cold,
By winds,—or by rains, or by snows,
He may make himself glad,
For if ever so bad,
He can't be stuff'd up in his Nose.
And tho' in his dress
He cannot do less
Than wear just the common made clothes.
He saves soap,—for d'ye see
Pocket Handkerchiefs he
Does'nt wash, for he ne'er blows his Nose.

And if his false friends
For their own private ends,
His suspicions would lull to repose,
Their craft and deceit
He is sure to defeat,
For they cannot lead him by the Nose.
He bears without rout
The want of a snout,
For it ne'er makes the neighbors his foes,
For into the cares
Of their family affairs,
They know he can ne'er poke his Nose.

If he gets a nickname
It's to him all the same,—
They can't call him "Nosey" he knows:
And the foes he's perplext
Tho' they snarl and are vext,
They may kick,—but they can't, pull his Nose.
Should he drink day and night
And in liquor delight
Till he can't walk straight home when he goes,—
Let his scolding wife say
Whatever she may,
She can't say, he's "fi fi'led his Nose."

He a favor can ask
And not think it a task,
Nor care what the answer bestows,
He'll not take it amiss
If it be not a—yes!
For he still could make use of their No's,
Or if Congress should meet
He's just fit for a seat,
For Presidents well may suppose
He'll be true to their cause
And still side with the—ayes!
For they know he can't go with the No's.

T. Hudson.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF CADGERING.

Prospectus.—An office has just been opened by a gentleman of the highest respectability, to accelerate and make easy the art of begging in this metropolis; for which purpose, a valuable Stock in Trade has been collected at a considerable expence, and Professors of the most profound experience, engaged; in short, nothing has been neglected to make it worthy the attention of the community, as the following catalogue will shew:—

1. A well-trained dog for a blind man, with chain and collar.

N. B. If required to walk on three legs, or carry a can—an additional charge will be made.

2. A little girl, aged eight years, who looks eight and twenty, with a shrill voice, peculiarly fitted to beg at the area—goes out at a 6d. a day, and finds herself.

3. An elegant assortment of blue aprons, and red cabbages on poles, for frozen-out gardeners during the ensuing winter.

4. An old woman without a nose, who can run on errands. The subscribers are requested not to notice her applications for liquor.

5. A complete beggar's wardrobe. The hire to be taken at a fair valuation.

6. Fifty dozen last dying speeches. They will be parted with at half-price, as they are dead articles.

7. An idiot, warranted clever in his profession.

8. A great choice of new and second-hand woodcuts.

9. Sixteen letters of recommendation from Mrs. Fry, warranted.

10. A number of clean petitions, with several noblemen's names, well known in the charitable world, affixed. A few soiled ditto, may be had at a bargain.

TO CADGERS IN GENERAL.

Children taught to shiver at sixpence a lesson. The hooping-cough taught in its various stages. Mendicity letter writing, flag chalking, &c., taught in all its branches. Lessons in cat-kunning by an eminent female professor. Apply to Messrs. Wm. Soames, Conkeybean, and Co. Field-lane where a managing partner constantly attends.

WANTED.

A genteel looking man without legs, to go in a bowl with short crutches, between Charing-cross and the top of Bond street; he must be active and steady, and warrant himself sober till nine o'clock.

Half-a-dozen tumbling boys for Highgate and Shooter-hill.

Three gentlemen to personate maimed sailors: they must have an insinuating address, manly countenances, and a thorough knowledge of street music. Gentlemen with long hair would be preferred. A thorough knowledge of the use of the quid is indispensable—they will be found in tobacco.

An opening for Jacks in the water—situations to be had on both sides of the river.

Several lame Lascars to be disposed of in one lot. They are in capital begging order.—N. B. The pigtails to be taken as fixtures.

TO LET.

The tolls of three muddy crossings in a great thoroughfare, and showery part of the town.

Love's Labor Lost.—A serenading party the other night, after having played before a house for nearly half an hour were politely informed, by the considerate watchman, "*nobody lived there.*"

SKETCH OF AN INDIAN CALLED THE "BALD EAGLE."

He was from one of the Southern tribes, the warrior Creeks—the Brown Apples of the wilderness. He had been taken captive when a youth, by a hunting party of the Mohawks—the most formidable of the northern tribes; the terror, in fact,—such was their warlike temper, their fierce adventurous, unappeasable appetite for dominion,—the terror alike of every tribe—white and red—all over North America. He had run the gauntlet, with six other captives. Four of them sunk under the blows; two of them fought on the way; but he ran it without flinching or falling—perhaps without wishing—at a speed, and with a sort of indomitable valor, that astonished enemy. He was adopted by a Mohawk woman in a mother whose only child had been cut off by the relations of Eagle.—Our Eagle was rather small, not more than five feet six or seven; but straight as an arrow. His carriage was that of the noble of nature. Greek as we see it in statuary: the head rather forward; arms free; toes turned in. Such was the general bearing of Bald Eagle: but in contrast, or for contrasting near a white man's inhabitancy, he could set or limit self to his natural standard, or encourage stature with all about him. His countenance, when he had no object in view, was a blank of inane, hateful. The flesh of his well-shaped limbs shone. When clothed it recalled in Venice the ancient "Imp." It was a fine bronze statue. This with a North American savage will go, day after day, at the rate of about nine miles an hour. At the end of twenty-forty, there was not a white to be found in the face of Bald Eagle; and, nor was there any appearance of muscular stiffness in his limbs. His whole body was round, smooth, and exceedingly supple. His limbs were delicately made, beyond: were finely articulated and his feet remarkably small. And yet, fashioned so delicately, his appearance belied the power he had to stand before him at a wrestling match. His general behavior was that of a following, weak, indolent, peaceable creature: vision any body in the circle or afoot with coffee. But once fairly awake, there was no falling or appeasing the tormenting instinct of the savage. He was capable of enduring incredible fatigue, and was called by the southern tribes, by way of a name, *Ista-pootsa*, the spirit; or literally, the man without a body.—*The Herd.* His little, keen, sharp, shining eyes, were like those of the large black snake—the best constructor of North America; his cheek-bones were high; his forehead, low, narrow, and flat—set square; mouth handsome beyond and expressive; teeth uncommonly large—of a startling whiteness, when abruptly or unexpectedly disclosed: nostrils wide and vibrous; nose rather flat; hair coarse, black, and stumpy, like the mane of a young stallion roughened, it was well in the blaze and smoke of battle, or scorched by untimely fires. It was carefully parted from the middle of his head, all the way over, and hung behind, somewhat after the fashion of the squaws, in a large club. No man shot so true an arrow as Bald Eagle; and few could excel him a deadly tomahawk. He "swam like a frog—ran like a deer—he could make a canoe—and manage a bad one like a cattermount"—so said all the whites. See him when or where you might, unless in the hunting season, or at a time of war, and he was always idling about before some lady's great kitchen fire, half asleep; or under some great old overgrown tree, twisting the tendons of a newly slain deer for his bow; or splitting them into threads; polishing white bone toothpicks and arrow heads; playing checkers; or stamping slips of ash and willow for basket-work; fashioning arrows; or working colored beads and bits of variously-assorted porcupine quills into his leather pouch, moccasins, or belt. His carriage, dress, and appearance were pretty much of a piece, at all times, under all circumstances, winter and summer. If he were not lying before the fire, with his dog, or underneath a tree, he would be lounging about with a neat, graceful swing of his whole body, surrounded by a troop of children; a large, loose, dirty blanket, falling out—not quite ready to fall off, at every step, from his fine square shoulders; yet so disposed, nevertheless, with a slovenly bravado, to show somewhat of the lofty form underneath, encircling with a dark-red ornamented—a large piece of silver, rough to the touch, weapon, a knife, and a pipe or two—[ringing and rasping together at every motion of his body. It was interesting enough to see how passively, how unconsciously, he would lend the imperceptible, animating encouragement of the white people. No matter what was done, or offered, especially by the children; they might strip him naked, or turn him inside out, in a good natured way—it was all the same to our savage. If they would only let his rifle be.—*Brother Jonathan, or the New Englanders.*

For the Traveller and Times.

THE EXILE.

Afar from the clime, where his Father was born
In the land of the stranger, the wanderer roved;
But his heart with devotion all fondly would turn
To that green isle of beauty, the home that he lov'd.

He thought of the days, when her wild harp was strung
To notes that were echoed o'er earth and o'er seas;
When the strains that her minstrels delightfully sung,
Were the deeds of her heroes, the songs of the Free!

But silent and broken, its chords all unstrung,
Hangs that Harp he once lov'd in her desolate halls;
And lash'd are those strains, which so gladly were sung,
And torn is the banner, that wav'd on her walls.

Oh! Erin my country! the wanderer cried
Ere life's dream has faded, I hope yet to see;
The bright banner wave in its beauty and pride
The green isle of Erin—the flag of the Free!

J. B. Peters.

Suicide of three.—Boston was one day at lately the market, but in a town in Cumberland and in the hustle that prevailed upon the arrival, last night of some of his respected [illegible] P. got into a tavern, opened the door of every room in the house, looked out, till at last he came to one in which three jolly Cumberland lads were enjoying themselves. As he withdrew his head, one of these shouted—"Come in, Jemmy Pop." Boots obeyed the call, seated himself at the table, and took short time was the life and soul of the party. In the course of their merriment, it was proposed that each should write a stanza of poetry, put it with half a crown below the candlestick, with the stipulation, that the best part was to have his half crown returned, while the other three were to be expected to treat the party. What the others wrote has now sunk into oblivion, but the stanza of the Ayrshire plough man ran as follows:—

Here lies I, Johnny Peep,
I envy three sheep,
And three times sheep-law me,
Half a crown a piece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free.

A roar of laughter followed, and while the palm of victory was unanimously voted to Burns, one of the Englishmen exclaimed, "In God's name, who are you?" An explanation ensued, and the happy party did not separate the same day they met.

THE SHIPWRECK.

On the third night from the commencement of the gale, the wind fell, without previous abatement, and ere long there was not a breath to steady the pitchings of the ship in the heavy swell which succeeded the storm: but with the fourth sun, the wind came again from the old quarter, gradually hauling however to the eastward, till before night the ship was going dead before it, at the rate of some six or seven knots; having to contend with a strong cross sea which had got up, under the counteracting agency of the breeze from the east, on the swell yet remaining from the northwester of the previous day. The sun set into a bank of thick and heavy clouds, and the weather again looked gloomily. When Harlande came off deck, as was his custom before retiring for the night, he found the watch huddled together under the shelter of the round house,—a lookout on the bows of the vessel,—and many large figures in the rigging, scarcely twinkling through the dense fog which enveloped them in utter obscurity.—"A fearful night this, sir," said the captain. "I would rather be on the heaviest squall that ever hoo'ed in the west, than in such a haze as this!—How does she head now?"—in a louder voice to the man at the wheel,—he was answered in the short tones of the veteran mate, that her head was west,—and taking two short turns in silence, he again turned to the young man:—"It was just such a night as this, sir, some ten years back: I was first mate then of the barque Betsey, from New-York to St. Bast,—just such a night as this: we were going some seven or eight knots through the water, exactly as we may be now, in a fog on the banks here, save that we had then a little bit of a fishing schooner;—we took her right amidships, and passed clear over her:—mercy on us! I can hear the yell of the wretches that perished in that craft as clearly as if it were now ringing in my ears.—Ever since that day, Mr. Harlande, I have dreaded such a time as this with a superstition'——His words were interrupted by a loud and piercing shout from the man on the lookout.—"A large sail close aboard us, on the starboard bows." In an instant his trumpet was at his lips:—"Port, sir, port your helm,—jam it hard aport."—With the speed of light his orders were obeyed, and the barely vessel was already beginning to answer. Followed by Harlande and the excited watch, he rushed forward, and in a voice heard far above the hoarse washing of the seas, shouted his unheard or disregarded remonstrances to the crew of the strange vessel.—But no result followed; under her watch was sleeping on deck, no mortal ear ever known, but she held her way steadily onwards, and notwithstanding the deviation in the packet's course, they came together in a few seconds since she had first been discovered, with a tremendous concussion, and a crash that seemed to exceed the loudest thunder. The stranger was a large brig, with her larboard tacks aboard, and so resolutely had she held on, that her main chains were exactly under the packet's bows as they struck;—with a grinding jar, which struck terror to every heart, the sharp stem plunged deep into her defenceless side, and receding from the blow, the stately ship passed on, tearing away all her rigging, till the pondrous masts came thundering down, and she lay a wreck on the sullen deep.—This devastation was the work of an instant: nor had the ship which had wrought it, herself escaped without fearful damage;—in the very first collision she had lost her cut-water; and as she rushed onward, the fastenings of the bow-sprit, and the powerful spar itself yielded to the shock; dragging away with it the fore top-mast broken in the cap, which was speedily followed by the main top-gallant mast. Then came the prompt commands thundered through the trumpet, loudly echoed, and instantly fulfilled,—to clear away the wreck, to rig the pumps, and ascertain forthwith the extent of the injury. "Keep the passengers quiet, Harlande," cried the master, after the first confusion was over:—"keep them down below, or we have the devil to pay here.—It is well it's no worse." Seeing at a glance that he could be of no service on deck he descended, and, with that ascendency which a strong mind ever possesses over less energetic dispositions—soon succeeded in gaining at least, if not entirely diminishing the terrors of his fellow sufferers. Before many minutes had elapsed, he again ascended the companion, and found that the broken spars had been already cut adrift, the spare ropes coiled, the decks restored to their former arrangement, and all things replaced nearly in the same state in which they had been previous to the accident; there needed not, however, a second glance to inform the quick eye of Harlande, that the ship's course was changed—her sails reduced to the smallest possible show of canvass, and her head brought as near the wind as was practicable under existing circumstances; till announced some movement, the ulterior object of which was not yet evident.—More than once during his brief absence from the scene of action, he had found leisure to remark the repeated clearings of the men; and as he passed the cabin door on the lee side of the house, a gun was discharged, and before he could inquire the reason, a second and third report succeeded, accompanied by the hurrahs of the united crew.—In an instant the truth flashed upon his mind.—"Lee brig!—" My God!" he exclaimed, as he staggered to the captain's side,—"she is lost!" The weather-beaten features of the hardy seaman worked violently, and his voice was thick and husky when he replied—"God knows," he said, "and He only—but I dread the worst." For a time our hands were so full, and our hearts so anxious for our own fate, that we had no thought for others—but since that time we have not heard a sound that spoke of human life.

American Monthly Magazine.

The Benevolent Quaker.—Dr. P. a Quaker of Philadelphia, is very kind to the poor. In times of sickness, produced by whatever cause, he is always ready and willing to assist them. His benevolence in such cases extends further than his gratuitous services as a physician. Of course he is beloved.

Our streets are frequently somewhat crowded with building materials—so much so often, at particular places, to prevent two vehicles from passing each other, if the driver of either is disposed to be obstinate.

As the Doctor was one day proceeding to visit a patient, his progress was impeded by a dray—the driver of which had stopped his horse in one of those narrow passages. After waiting several minutes, the Doctor opened the Drayman to allow him to pass. The latter, who heed'd, but did not know the former, poured forth a volley of the vilest abuse imaginable "using it most," and swore he would not move till he thought proper.

"Well, friend," said the Doctor, "all I have to observe is this: If thee should get sick, or if thy family should ever be in distress, send for *Dr. P.* and he will do all he can to assist thee."

I need scarcely say that the heart of the draytsman was subdued by the kindness of the man he had abused. He was ashamed of his conduct—it mingled an apology, and removed the obstruction as speedily as possible.

How true it is, that a soft tongue breaketh the bone! If the Doctor had cursed, the draytsman till midnight, he would have received nought but cursing and blows in return. This may be thought a small matter, but it furnishes a useful lesson.—*Christian Messenger.*

"Why in such a hurry," said a man to an acquaintance. "Sir," said the man, "I have bought a new bonnet for my wife, and fear the fashion may change before I get home.

Spanish School.—An American traveller gives the following pleasant account of a Spanish School:—At Torremolinos, wishing to procure some refreshments, and seeing no *posada* at hand, we ventured to inquire for what we wanted at a small shop, where eggs and bread were placed at the window for sale. The master of the house, who came to the door, very kindly urged us to alight and come in, while his wife should prepare us some eggs, which, with some fresh bread, was every thing his humble mansion afforded. Accepting his invitation, we entered the house, and found the only large apartment that it contained occupied as a village school. A little room adjoining, served as a sitting parlor, and a second of equally small size, was used as a kitchen. Long, benches, filled with chubby children, were placed around the apartment, and a door being opened upon a green grass plat at the back of the house, I saw several more children, with their books in their hands, seated upon the grass in the sun, and all studying aloud in chorus, as were also the smaller ones within doors. Around the room were hung fool's caps and similar curious articles of punishment; such as the picture of a large ass, with these words printed beneath it in capital letters: "tu y yo somos dio," (you and I are two)—and other equally applicable inscriptions. I was much amused and gratified by the half hour spent in this little school, and with its kind hearted teachers, who treated us with the most open hospitality, placing before us every refreshment which their limited means allowed them, and resolving at last to accept of any remuneration until actually forced upon them. They begged us at parting to remember, should we ever again pass that way, that their house was at our disposal;—or, to use their own emphatic expression "esta usted en su casa," so familiar to the ear of every person who has travelled in Spain.

Compliment to a Cannon-shot.—Sir William Medows who commanded the right wing of the army which in 1792 invested Seringapatam, was a man of great presence of mind and bravery. His hilarity scarcely ever deserted him. One day, while on a reconnoitring party, he observed a twenty-four pound shot struck the ground on his right, in such a direction that had he proceeded, it would in all probability, have destroyed him. He therefore stopped his horse, and as the ball dashed across the road in front of him, he gracefully took off his hat and said, "Beg, Sir, that you will continue your promenade; I never take precedence of any gentleman of your family!"

The nett profits of the late fair in Boston are said to be over ten thousand dollars. Every thing, that was proper to be sold, might be had for money—from babies (in wax) to a chaldron of coal. A corvelet sold for $1195. An Album containing the invaluable signature of Fanny Kemble, brought $50. A bell rope $8. A vest pattern $70. A pen wiper $50. "A pretty little picture of a pretty little girl" $100.

From the Southern Advocate.

HUNTSVILLE SPRING RACES.

The races over this course took place on Thursday last the 16th inst. The weather for some days previous had been dry and warm, and the track was in good running order, with the exception of a little dust.

FIRST DAY.

3 Mile Heats—Purse $332

John C. Beasly's bay mare Clare de Kitchen, 4 years old, by Marion, 1 1
Maj. N. Davis's horse Simon Kenton, 5 years old, by Bertrand, 2 2
Time, 1st heat, 6m 6s; 2d heat 6m 6 1-2s.

SECOND DAY.

2 Mile Heats—Purse $232.

John C. Beasly's bay horse Hercules, 4 years old by Crusher, 2 1 1
Maj. N. Davis's s. h. Purdy, 5 years old, 1 2 2
V. G. Pruit's horse Lincoln, 5 years old, by Napoleon, 3 3 dis.
Time, 1st heat, 3m. 59s; 2d, 3 54; 3d, 3 56 1-2.

THIRD DAY.

Three best in five—Purse $266.

Maj. Wm. M. Robinson's s. h.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, June 8, 1833.

Now that the Races themselves are over, attention is being drawn to other matters connected with them, which the bustle of events had for a while withdrawn from immediate notice. The dispute which arose on the decision of the Match Race between *De Witt Clinton* and *Robin Hood* is now as far from being settled as ever it was. Our readers will remember that the Judges declared De Witt Clinton *distanced* for coming in five pounds under weight. In this decision the Jockey Club bore them out, the President distinctly declaring that by the rules of the Course it is the duty of the owners of horses to see their riders start with that weights up,—the province of the Judge being only to see they are properly weighted when they dismount. On Monday two affidavits appeared in the Courier,—one from the rider of *De Witt*, and the other from Mr. R. Jackson declaring that the error was caused by Mr. Sharpe, who told the rider when he came to the beam before starting, that he was over-weighted, and caused him to get a lighter saddle. Whether this was so, or not, does not alter the case though it may make it fall hard on Mr. Sherman, for by the Laws of every Race Course the decision of the Judges, confirmed by the Jockey Club is binding on all parties. Mr. Sherman agreed to leave the matter to the decision of a Sporting Committee formed of Col. W. R. Johnson, Col. W. Wynn and Mr. Van Mater, but as the Club and their President were decided on the point, they could not consistently submit their decision to any other party, and it was consequently resolved that if Mr. Sherman did not pay over the stakes and bets, by the following Monday, his name would be erased from the Jockey Club,—the horse *De Witt Clinton* never suffered to run on the Union Course again, nor any other horse in which Mr. Sherman shall hold any share or interest.

As we understand Mr. Sherman still thinks himself right in withholding stakes and the bets, the decision of the Jockey Club will necessarily take its course, and *De Witt Clinton* be henceforward prohibited from running on the Union Track.

Mr. George Blythe, Riding Master, Philadelphia, has politely undertaken to receive Subscribers for us,—and will transmit us the names of those who may feel disposed to favor us with their Subscriptions.

For the Traveller and Times.

THE DEATH OF LORD NIAL.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Not one of that brave band of patriots was left save the gallant leader, and he had nearly reached the consummation of his hopes—a grave of glory! He stood within a circle of slaughtered vassals, which his own good sword alone had sacrificed to the God of Freedom. The blood trickled down his armour from an hundred yawning gashes—the world began to swim around him, and he was just laying himself down to *"be no more,"* when suddenly a burning thirst raged within his bosom—so mad, so deadly—that with an agonizing effort he staggered towards the waters of Desmond, to allay it ere he died. Just then, the figure of a maiden, rushed past him. It was Mary, his own beloved Mary, but ere his burning lips could give utterance to that dear name, with a desperate bound she sprang far into the lake, and disappeared within its waters for ever. How looked the youth in that moment of horror. He would have sprung to her rescue, but alas! the hand of death was too heavy on his brow—he could only stand and gaze, like a breathing statue of despair.

* * * * * * *

What heavenly sounds were those that came swelling from the depths before him—Lo! a Goddess has risen from the waters fairer, far fairer than our brightest conceptions of the fabled Howrey.—She held a little lyre in her hand which ever and anon she touched to an air of such exquisite sweetness that the warblers of the forest unmindful of their own melodies thronged around to listen. For a while she advanced to the spot on which the dying warrior stood, but stopped suddenly before him, within a javelin's length of the edge, and commenced to accompany the divine music of her fairy lyre with the following song:

I from bowers beneath the sea,
Have hither soar'd on fleetest pinions,
Warrior wilt thou go with me,
I'll lead thee to our bright dominions.

Thine arm no more the glaive can wield,
No more defend the cause you cherish'd—
The host you marshall'd to the field,
Have in that field of glory perished.

If there was charm in Mary's eye,
O! leave the world a lasting token;
Or dost thou fear with her to die—
Or is the bond of beauty broken.

'Tis sweet to see, as life departs,
On lingering wing, it khows not whither,
The unity of two fond hearts,
To cleave thro' endless hours together.

O! would'st thou sleep beside a slave,
Of ruffian race, and heart imbruited
Shall the flowers of Nial's grave,
By foot of satrap be poluted?

Not while th' inviting flood can hide,
His name from such polution—never!
Then haste, O! haste beneath the tide,
And clasp the form you loved forever.

'Tis silent now, that lyre of pride,
On distant hills its murmurings died,
That nymph beneath the laughing tide,
Has vanished, and its peaceful wave
Now ripples o'er Lord Nial's grave.

A DESPERATE LOVER.

We wish our friends of the literary emporium would lighten our darkness on the following subject. A young gentleman, *almost* sixteen, has lately arrived in this city in the wake of a fair *young lady from Boston*. The lady however denies all knowledge of the gallant, and in furtherance of her assertion, lately dismissed him heels over head down stairs, all but exterminated from the discharge of a bucket of water. The gentleman stormed,—opened his waistcoat,—bared his breast, and called on her to plant a dagger in his heart. The lady however contented herself with shutting the door; drowning himself *of course*, was the next resource, but unfortunately the *river was close at hand*, and that was the devil of it, besides drowning has grown vulgar now a days, nothing but suffocation by charcoal going down with true lovers. In this dilemma the gentleman went upon his way revolving in his mind what was best to be done, and in a few moments afterwards he turned into a neighboring cookshop to decide on it over a beef steak and a cup of coffee. The gastric juice however had a very singular effect on his constitution, for before he was half finished we saw by his countenance that he had given up all idea of bidding good bye to the world, at all events, until the throat cutting days of November. Finding his resolution had taken such a reasonable turn, we left off dogging him to return to our desk, and now we trust some of the scribes *down east* will be able to give us some information on the subject, the way we may have the pleasure of saving the lady from further insult and sending the poor little gentleman home to his mammy in leading strings.

For the Traveller and Times.

THE BEWITCHED INEXPRESSIBLES.

I'll die for spite,
Before the night.
I'm tumbled thro' the ditches so,
Ub ub ub boo,
What shall I do,
The devil take the breeches Oh.
Shakspeare.

Molly Baggs was the ugliest little woman to be found any where between Dublin, and Cork, and moreover she was one of the wickedest old rips that ever rode upon a broomstick. In common with the rest of her fraternity, from the Witch of Endor, downwards, Mother Baggs was the very devil for milk; and indeed, it was generally suspected, she never knew the want of it, as long as any of her neighbors cows had a drop at their own individual disposal. By this we mean, that she never waited till the milk underwent the adulterating process of pailing. O! no,—Molly, knew a trick worth two of that any way, for she loved a drop in its purity, and well she knew that such an article was only comatable at the original manufactory, for the dairymen of the town of Portarlington, had a very extensive, and deserved reputation, for being the greatest villains in the world, in regard of watering their milk. Sometimes Molly used to go out a foraging in the shape of a red rabbit, at other times as a white hare, but as she had a very *english* sort of an appetite of her own she was generally to be seen disguised as a huge, weather beaten black ram and her most favorite resort, was the monge meadow in Foxeraft Lane; This, was considered a very convincing proof of her powers of discrimination, for John Moore, the proprietor of the aforesaid monge meadow, was well known to entertain a most cordial antipathy, for any thing in the shape of a *spirit* (barring Inishowen) or a witch, and with all, to keep the best milch cows in the country. Molly had been married in her time to no less than seven husbands, but not one of the unfortunate gentlemen had been able to stand her more than a month, for like many other ladies we could name, she claimed all right and title to the superintendence of the inexpressibles, and in the management of her tongue and her broomstick. Such were the general pursuits and character of Molly Baggs, of the town of Portarlington, in the Queens County. It is true, she was also suspected, of now and then bewitching her neighbors,—throwing blights on corn—blasting fruit, palsying dry kyne, &c. &c. but as these charges have never been properly substantiated, we hold it best to leave them behind the curtain, for witch, or no witch, we would esteem it an eternal stigma on the sunshine of our gallantry to let even a single monosyllable drop that might be anyway detrimental to the fair character of a lady.

Rory O'Flannigan was as dashing a young blade as ever shouldered a cudgel, or shook his brogues at a pattern. Who danced the prettiest jig at the cross-roads last Sunday evening? Rory O'Flanigan to be sure. Who broke the most heads and hearts at the last May Fair? Who but Rory O'Flanigan—in short he was the terror of all the boys, and the delight of all the girls for miles about the country, and it was whispered that there was a general jubilee among the one, and a general mourning among the other, on the day that he promoted Miss Nelly Dugdale, of the same parish, to the enviable dignity of sole mistress of his heart and cottage.

Nelly however, soon discovered what a vast difference there is between a lover and a husband. During the first week to be sure, he kissed and kissed, till he fairly blistered her lips, on the second, his love appeared to be more under the dominion of reason, but on the third—would you believe it? he actually found out that she had a cast in her right eye, and even abused her very heartily one morning at breakfast, for not having darned a hole in the heel of his stocking the night before. After this, things even went to greater extremities, and it was soon evident to the whole town, and more especially the ladies, that Mr. Rory O'Flanigan was at the present time, full as handy in the use of his cudgel at home, as he had formerly been at the patterns!

Rory and Molly Baggs were intimately acquainted, and no doubt presuming on this, Molly had made several most unqualified attacks upon Rory's best milch cows, and he in his turn had many a time duck'd her ladyship up to her chin in the horse-pond. In short, they rarely met and parted, without paying each other the compliments of the morning, which generally consisted in as many backward blessings as might sink a ship, and lately our hero had found it requisite to carry a splinter of the blessed shelalah about his person, to save it from being festered by the poisonous spittles of the witch.

One day, some seven years ago, Rory was returning from the fair, where he had been purchasing a beautiful pair of brand new "buckskin breeches." As usual, on such occasions, his head and heart were brim full of frolic and whiskey, and of course he was in the finest humor in the world for a row.

"'Tis a sin and a shame it is," says he to himself, as he was passing in the vicinity of Deravilla Hill. "'Tis a sin and a shame it is to lose the benefit of so much good spirits. I wish I had only the baiting of that big blackguard, Phil Docherty."

"You'd sooner be aither lettin it alone," says a squeaking tone in the ditch beside him, answering his thoughts.

"Oh, it's there you are you bag full of mischief," cried Rory, recognizing Molly by her voice.

"Aye, Rory O'Bluster, and you'll soon larn that to the cost of your new buckskins,

"Come within fire of my hawthorn, you sprig of pollution, and I'll serve you—

"As you would Nelly and the childer eh! No, no, Mr. Swaggerer, you'll have something to do before you catch Molly Baggs upon the hurdies—how would you like to be cooked.

Avaunt spit-fire, I defy you.

Well, well, be it so, I'll chuse for myself, you'll make an excellent mutton dumplin, for his Majesty's supper.

"Hout you hag, I don't care the value of a beggarman's blessing for the best witch that ever danced a hornpipe with the devil."

Thus saying, he staggered forward flourishing his cudgel, but just as he was making the first blow, his shelalah turned on himself of its own accord, and began to lay most lustily about his head and shoulders. O'Flanigan shouted and ran, but the stick was hot foot after him, and Molly followed immediately after the stick, laughing and scolding like a fish woman.

"'Tis good mutton you'll make too when you're properly basted. Stick, stick, bang calf—calf, calf, leap the hedge—hedge, hedge, tear breeches—he! he! he!—what a clattering your head makes—why tis as empty as your pocket, for it sounds like a factory bell—now for it—there you go."

And sure enough, the word was scarcely out of her mouth, when Rory reached the summit of the hill, and immediately tumbled heels over head down again to the other side. How long he lay there, he could not exactly say, but during the time he dreamt, (that is, if it was only a dream,) that he had been fried, stued, roasted and digested, and then stuck together again.

The moon was pretty high, in a clear heaven, when he rose, so that he was able to see plainly, and it was with a heavy heart he saw it too, that his beautiful yellow inexpressibles were literally torn to pieces.

"Tis the devil, or something worse, has been playing at quoits with me, and scoring the game with a reaping hook, on my breeches; such were Rory's mournful reflections on his way home, but just as he finished the sentence, he cast an eye in to the monge meadow, and there he saw, as large as life, the old black ram, we have before spoken about, sucking a brindle cow for the bare life.

Well knew Rory at the very first glance that Molly Baggs and the black ram, were one, and the same person. "There's no doubt in life" he exclaimed "but its very thirsty, she is after her supper—how beautiful the rogue's black skin looks in the moonlight, and above all things what comfortable wearing it would be in a pair of breeches."

No sooner said than Rory began to pull foot for his own cottage,—10 seconds brought him there,—10 more and he had laden his old rusty musket with a silver sixpence, and before the expiration of the third 10, he was back at his station, with his musket resting on the hedge. One glance, and his mark was covered, ere another whiz went the bullet, and the next instant, poor Molly, (if Molly it really was) was lying as dead as a roasted rabbit in the centre of the Monge Meadow.

Rory's first occupation after conveying his burden home was to secure the hide—the tanner, and tailor were the next items of consideration, and these being duly provided, in the course of the week, on the Sunday following, our hero appeared at mass as proud as a lord of his ramskin inexpressibles.

"Tis a beautiful pair of breeches you've got any way" says Ned McClain to him on his way home.

"In troth you may swear that," answers Pat Darcy. "But how the devil's this! as I hope to be married he's got them inside out."

Rory looked down, it was all as plain as day light, the wrong side of his inexpressibles was to the front, and an ugly rough ragged looking front it made too.

"Tareanages" exclaimed McClain. "My eyes aint worth a pair of green gooseberrys, if they was'nt as smooth as a pidgeons wing a minute since."

"Aye, and as white as buttermilk," replied Darcy. "But now they've neither one color nor another like a drake's neck.

Poor Rory however, said nothing, for he had a strong suspicion the devil had something to do with it, and it was with a heavy heart he at length found himself at home and in bed, where he lay all night dreaming of Molly Baggs, black rams and bewitched inexpressibles.

In the morning Nelly rose betimes as usual, and the very first thing that took her eye was Rory's Ramskins on her own dressing table. It was a mighty strange thing what brought them there, and it was equally strange that Nelly all of a sudden began to feel a great longing to try them on. "It wont take me a minute any way" she exclaimed, and the result proved her in the right, for in less than a minute, she found her self doing, precisely what her mother had done before her, wearing her husband's breeches. "Saint Bridget stand betwixt us and all harm," she continued. "But how very loose the hinges of my tongue appear to hang all of a sudden some way or other I have a great hankering to try it at a fit of scolding.

"What noise is that you're making, and what the devil are you doing with my breeches? shouted Rory, peeping out of the bed.

"What the devil's that to you, you drunken lump of laziness," reechoed his wife.

"How the deuce is this," thought the astonished Mr. O'Flanigan in an audible whisper, she never spoke to me thus before.

"Because it was dreaming she was," replied Nelly, "but now to make up for lost time, I'll speak to you before and behind."

With this she advanced in a pugilastic attitude, but ere she came within striking distance a broomstick that was lying in a corner rolled into her hand of its own accord, and for the next five minutes if Rory O'Flanigan did not find his wife full as handy in the use of the cudgel as himself, then the story tellers of the town of Portarlington are the greatest liars in Christendom.

Our unfortunate hero cursed and swore, it was no use—he prayed and sued—ditto, ditto, and at last the poor man, finding he had nothing for it, but a light leg or broken bones, rolled a blanket about his hurdies, and fairly ran out of the house.

On his return he found things even worse than before—the whole house was topsy turvy—the churn of fresh buttermilk was upset in one corner, noggins, and platters, saucepans and griddles, pots of butter, and broken eggs were plentifully strewed about in another, and in a third, lay the two unfortunate servant maids sprawling upon the floor; while his wife stood over them scolding like a magpie, and belaboring them from head to shoulder, with the broomstick.

Rory, fearing his own turn was coming next, began to throw her a little *blarney*, and at last succeeded in pacifying her so far, that she resigned for the time being, her pretensions to the Ramskins.—What a change! scarcely was she divested of her borrowed plumage, than her tongue became as stiff and her temper as becalmed as ever. However, being a shrewd woman, she was determined to keep this to herself, for she saw that it required a woman to have a little of the devil in her disposition, to enable her to manage things *comfortably* in the family way, and she was loth that all the credit of her newly discovered virtues should be attributed to the *Ramskins*.

Rory being again in possession of his inexpressibles was again up to his eyes in hot water, however he was obliged to make the most he could of them, for the deuce another pair he had to put on. One time they were inside out, at another they would wheel to the right about face, again they were shrivelled up on his legs like a burnt eel's skin, and in a moment after would hang down to his heels, as lank and as long as a dragletail fishwoman *prashkeen* of a wet Saturday night."

"My curse, and the curse of the crows be on you" says Rory, "will you never *be aisy*," but no! this only made them worse, for they immediately began to wriggle up and down, for all the world as if they were laughing at him. "Well, be it so" he continued "but take my word for it I'll cry quits with you before to morrow."

The breeches contented themselves with giving another grin.

"This is too bad" thought O'Flanigan, for he was afraid to speak "to be grinned and laughed at by an unchristianized Ramskin, but if there's another pair of breeches in the town, to be had for love or money I'll bear it no longer," so saying he turned into Fitzpatrick the tailors, and made a bargain for a pair of drab Kerseymeres, which he at once assigned to the *post* lately occupied by all that remained of Molly Baggs; and being determined to be fully revenged on the accursed Ramskins; he tied a stone to the waisthand, took them to the cross roads, and buried them six feet deep in a ditch. "You'll be quiet now any way," says he, but the result proved he was mistaken.

That night as he went to bed, he certainly hung his new drabs, on the back of a chair, and he as certainly locked the chamber door, and even crossed two straws on the threshold, to prevent the devil from coming in through the key hole: In the morning however when he got up, no breeches was to be found—the chair was empty—closet ditto ditto the bed was the only chance, blankets and quilts were tost and tumbled, but told nothing; but on lifting the pillow, there they were as large as life, not his kerseymeres, but oh horror! his old tormentors the Ramskins, and without a single vestage of yesterdays ill-treatment.

*'Twas their joy and delight
To be dirty and drunk of a Saturday night.

"Needs must," they say when the devil drives, and so when a man has only one pair of breeches, he must either wear them or go naked. Rory chose the former evil, and,—but enough, it were a long and a sorrowful story, to tell all the misfortunes that befel him in their company How sometimes they used to take the fairy fidgets, and lead him on a phoka hunt thro' the bog. How at others, a cold bath was the object of pursuit, and at such times poor Rory was forced to content himself, with quarters, chin deep in the Barrow, but still there was no help for it, for do what he might, he could'nt get shut of them, and what was more extraordinary whenever he saw them he could by no means resist the temptation of putting them on. However to tell the naked truth this was Labsons choice with him, for since the first moment the tailor put them out of his hands, no other pair of small clothes could be persuaded to remain under the same roof with them on any terms.

Father O'Flaherty was at length applied too, but Father O'Flaherty's efforts were as vain as all others. It is true the worthy old gentleman laid them by bell, book, and candlelight, 10 feet deep, at the *other* side of a running stream, but what of that? did'nt poor Rory think ten thousand cats were tearing at his legs, all the time they were lying there, and though he purchased three pair of inexpressibles to protect him from their claws was'nt he forced to have resource to his Ramskins at last.

The fame of these wonderful pair of breeches, was soon blazoned all over the country, and as they were very useful on occasions to Mrs. Nelly O'Flannagan, in a way we have hinted at before, there was scarcely a married lady to be found, that did not begrudge her the possession of them. Indeed this went so far at last, that the Lady Mayoress of the city of Dublin sent down an enumissary to purchase them, but fortunately, her husband hearing of the circumstance, put his veto on it, declaring too his grief his good woman was too great a proficient in the rules of cudgel, and tongue already.

One morning, about 6 months after the exit of Molly Baggs, from our terestrial territory, a travelling fidler steps in to Rory O'Flannigan's cottage.

"Good morrow, and God save all here but the cat," says he.

"Good morrow kindly," replied Mrs. Flannigan, (Rory was still in bed) and sure if its in the humor you are, while breakfast's getting ready, you may as well give us a scrape on the fiddle.

Billy Fagan, (such was the fidler's name) was'nt the man to wait to be asked twice, so he immediately struck up "Jenny put the kettle on"—this, no doubt was a hint to make haste with the breakfast. "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife" followed: then came "Nora Crena," and last of all he set his elbow to work at "Moll in the wod," or the "witches hornpipe." In an instant every thing appeared to be tumbling topsy turvy in the next room. Nelly opened the door to see what was the matter, when lo! and behold you, out jumped the ramskin inexpressibles of their own accord, being perfectly independent of the body and limbs of Mr Rory O'Flanigan, and began to beat time to the music about the floor. Mrs. O'Flannigan was quite delighted at this new manifestation of its good qualities—the fidler was quite in raptures, and as for the breeches it was apparently quite in its glory.

At length Billy could contain himself no longer, "Tis a perfect beauty entirely they are" says he, "and if its for selling them you are, I'll give you a bright golden guinea."

"Never say it twice" replies Rory from the bed. "So tip us your fist, and the *'King's image.'*

The fidler, anxious to secure the bargain, plunked the possibles at once, and to make it more certain, the next five minutes saw him in the inside of the breeches, and the outside of the house. He had hardly got half way up the street however, when all the neighbors recognized the Ramskins, (and sure it was no wonder, for they were already at their tricks,) and began to cry out stop thief. The astonished fidler looked down to see what was the matter, when—the devil! he found his inexpressibles neither inside out, nor turn about face, as they had been seen on a former occasion, but absolutely upside down, the two legs thrust in to one, forming the body, and the waistband hanging down to his knees like a Highlander's petticoat. He stamped and cursed, and swore, while the Ramskins wriggled, and giggled, and groaned, till at last the man of music out with his case knife, ripped them off, and hurled them in to the middle of the street. Then for it! twenty women at once sprang forward to secure the prize, and each gripping a handful, began to pull different ways. Nelly O'Flannigan was there as well as another, Rory rushed in to take care of his wife, and all together such a sight was never before seen in the town of Portarlington.

After tugging at it for sometime, and finding that no individual was likely to have an advantage over the rest, by tacit agreement they consented to restore it to the proper owner; but not so fast—there they were, and there they were likely to stop, for an oyster was never stuck tighter to his shell than their hands to the Ramskins. At this crisis, the fiddle, of its own accord hopped out of its case upon Billy Fagan's shoulder, and sure, and certain it must have been the devil that set his elbow going, for such another tune as that which followed was never heard before nor since in a christian country.

Here we must leave a good deal to the imagination of the reader, for we are unable to keep pace with the dancers. On they went, and on went the breeches in the middle, and on went the piper in the rear. Every thing gave place before them, hedges, ditches, gaps and fences, while every living thing that was quick enough, ran out of the way, for it was remarked, that any thing they touched, was obliged to join the group, and follow its fortunes.

After about four hours travelling, they came to a big hill, and what was their astonishment, at finding it was Knackshegowna hill, (well known as the head quarters of the Irish fairies) and that they had been jigging it, at least seventy miles.

As they came up an old woman opened a door at the side of the hill, and says she to Rory, tapping him on the shoulder with her crutch, Rory, avice says she, you're welcome at last, and it's I that has been long on the look out for you

"Troth," replied Rory, "an it is'nt with my own good will I come here in the long run."

"I know that," says the hag, but it's a long lane has no turn—you come when you could'nt help it.

Well, sure a body could'nt have a much sounder reason, any how, agan answered Rory.

"Whist your impudence" says the old woman beginning to be offended, "I've had trouble enough in bringing things about already—but say, how would you like to be shut of the breeches?"

"How would a sick man like to be shut of his plague."

"But," replied the witch with a sneer, would you promise never again to shoot at black rams, with silver bullets.

Rory held down his head, I'd rather go without breeches till a day after eternity first, and if that don't please you, I'll swear it on—

"Stop, stop," interrupted the old woman, clapping her hand upon his mouth, (she was afraid he was going to say "the bible,") your word will do, but mark me,—take this bundle, it contains the four trotters of the black ram, when you return home, sew them up in the breeches, and bury them six feet deep, precisely under the spot where you shot him in the monge meadows. Then you must watch the place constantly for three days, taking care, every morning, to strew it with Hemlock flowers, and yarrow and sprinkle it plentifully with water drawn from Hang Gallows Hole, in a copper skillet.

Follow this direction and you will be troubled no more, and now good morning to you Rory O'Flannigan, and fair speed by the way," with this she breathed upon the breeches, and strange as it may appear, the next moment every mother's son and daughter of them was safe and sound back again in the town of Portarlington.

Rory went to work with a light heart, in the anticipation of being forever rid of the Ramskins.—That evening they were buried with the trotters, and every thing attended to. The next day, and the next, he continued his watch, without seeing any thing extraordinary, but at the close of the third, exactly 72 hours after the interment, the ground began to shake violently beneath him; the next moment it opened with an uproarious crash, and out sprang Molly Baggs, as large as life, and as old and as ugly as ever. Her first care was to yawn and shake herself, her next was to hit Rory a polthogue on the left ear, that sent him spinning into the ditch like a castle top, and then whipping her broomstick under her, off she went like a bottle of pop, and has never been heard from since.

Rory O'Flannigan and his wife Nelly are still living in Portarlington, and doing well, and if you question our veracity on the subject, we can refer you with a clear conscience to them, for well we know, that either one or the other would rise from their beds at twelve o'clock at night, to swear that every word we have been telling you about the "BEWITCHED INEXPRESSIBLES," *is a confounded lie.*"

J. M.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of B. B. Thatcher, Esq. author of the "Lives of the Indians," and editor of the Boston Mercantile Journal, the paper in which they originally appeared.

THE INDIAN AT THE FALLS OF THE SAWKILL.

The New-York Mirror of the 25th inst. furnishes a splendid engraving, by Durand, from a painting by Bennet, of the celebrated Falls of the Sawkill, in Milford, Penn. A 'feather-cinctured' son of the wilderness is represented, in the fore-ground of the picture, recumbent on a massive rock, and gazing fixedly, we suppose for the first time, at the strange scene before him. A writer for a monthly magazine, some years ago, gave a glimpse of the same notion:

The tribes that roamed the desert heard
Far off thy wondrous music, and approached
With reverence the scene.

At all events the thought and the execution are both beautiful enough to move transiently even the sluggish and jaded fancy of a daily editor.

Oh! very far in the cathedral-aisles
Of that wild wood, with gleamy sunlight stained
In its high windowy inlets, and its boughs
Low swung with curtaining verdure of the vine,
An Indian warrior stood From early dawn
He had aroused the deer—and long o er hill,
And heathery cliff steep in the sunny air,
And the green rivulet-banks, had traced far down
Her flying pathway by the silver dew—
Weary but eager—when a mystic voice,
Unheard before, broke on his vigilant ear.
Was it the earthquake's awful roar? It comes
With a perpetual music, as a chaunt
Of summer breezes, mustering in the sky
Their stormy strength—the innumerable leaves
All bending in their presence, like a host
Of living things, with low-toned, whispering stir?
No! these the warrior heard, and he had heard
Of yore. They were familiar to his sense
As voices of his childhood. But again
Amid the drowsy solitude it rings,
And rings for aye. He lifted mutely up
His long dark eyelash, while the graven bow
Dropped from his hand dependent, and in vain
Long gazed around, above—if aught of earth
Might tread the shadowy wild, or aught divine,
As dreams had told him, in the sunny air
Sweet harps of heaven that mortal eye might see.
The mountain eagle lit upon the pine
That rustled near, and in its upper boughs
Lifting her bannery pinions with a scream,
Swung playfully. With startled rush
Bounded the red-deer by, half-turned aside
Her high-arched neck, and her round rolling eye
Shining with gleams of fear yet arrowless
She passed away, and beautiful as e'er.
"I will move on," murmured the wondering chief:
A shadow crossed his memory of a tale
Of other days, which old and hoary men
Told in his infant ear—of the far sea
And the stupendous anthem which is beat
Forever on its shores—and he moved on.

The Book of Nature.—S. Coate Atkinson, of Philadelphia, has just issued the first number of a very delightful work under the above title. It is to be published monthly, and devoted to a complete survey of the animal and vegetable kingdoms,—mineralogy and conchology. It is illustrated with ten beautiful engravings, executed in a very superior manner,—some of them being printed on drawing paper that the devotees of science may color them to nature. The price is $5 a year, and certainly a work so beautifully got up could not be issued at a cheaper rate.

Connor & Cooke have issued three more parts of their singularly cheap and excellent edition of the Waverly Novels. Three have already appeared, and of the present issue, No. 4 contains *Rob Roy*, No. 5 the *Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*, and No. 6 the *Heart of Midlothian*. Of the Novels, nothing fresh can or need be said, they are "themselves their only parallel,"—and of this edition it were almost impossible to find any thing that can exceed it, either in cheapness or excellence.

Ancient Rome and Modern Italy.—Peter Parley has added another small volume on these interesting subjects, to his almost innumerable quantity of books for the instruction of youth. It is compiled in his usual light and agreeable style, and conveys the best instruction, in a manner so simple and easy that all appearance of a task is at once taken away. It is published by Peter Hill, of Broadway.

New Music.—published by Hewitt & Co. 137 Broadway—"The Brigands Ritarnella." This is a very pretty arrangement of a very charming air, and is sure to please from its simplicity as well as beauty.

"To Beau and Belle."—An agreeable friend, with a very pretty new face.

"How young, how beautiful."—This is one of Miss Hughes' delightful ballads. The music by H. R. Bishop.

Songs for the Guitar.—"The Missletoe Bough." "The Minstrel returned from the War." "The Soldier's Tear," and a variety of other music admirably arranged for this fashionable instrument by Otta Torp.

ROSINE LAVAL.

Brief we must be, and brief let us be. This production, of a Tyro is really worthy of all consideration. To analyze it, would be to devote column upon column. Although not unique, it is strikingly characteristick. There is a classic grace pervading the work which may, or ought, atone for any deficiencies retorical or we must coin a word or so inventorial or incidentorial. Briefly again it is a work which we think worthy of more than the commendation it has received.

KEEN SHAVERS.

The design of converting the City Bridewell into a barber shop for the present, in consequence of the corporation having come to the conclusion that there are *keen sharers* enough there already.

TALK ABOUT TOWN.

SICK SACKS, AND OTHER MATTERS OF IMPORT.

A FALSE REPORT.

There is no truth whatever in the late report, that all ladies, (widows excepted,) over eighty years old, were prohibited from making any matrimonial engagements. A certain lady not fifty miles from our own domicile, and in all the bloom of her maidenhood, though certainly, even by her own account a little on the wrong side of fourscore and two, has lately according to law, made a surrender of her person and *charms*, including some fifty thousand dollars to the safe keeping of a strapping young fellow of twenty-six.

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

A marriage is talked of between Dr. P——, a young *middle-aged gentleman* about town, and a Miss R—— of—— Street. The consummation of it however is a matter of some speculation, as it is strongly whispered that the *happy dog* has three wives living already.

A CHANCE FOR THE LADIES.

We can state on indubitable authority, that Mr. Durant, the celebrated aronaut would be happy to avail himself of the company of any respectable young lady at his next ascent. We have no doubt his wishes will be fully gratified, as we are confident there are at least five thousand proud little lasses of our own metropolis who would gladly spring at an opportunity of thus at once placing themselves at an *enviable height* above their competitors in beauty.

A GOOD APPETITE.

The other day in a neighboring cellar, a gentleman, [not Col. Stone of the Commercial] absolutely engulphed *8 basins of mock turtle soup* at a single meal. The gaurmaund in question is only 5 feet two perpendicular, and is built much after the model of Calvin Edson.

THE PIGS.

It appears, the pigs have got an extension of their charter, as superintendent of the high ways and bye ways of New York. It was thought for a while that they had fallen under the black banns of the corporation. But the other day we met several strong detachments of them walking along Broadway, and turning up their noses in a very consequential manner, in the face of authority. Indeed, so merrily they jigged, it seemed to us, and to several others who were present at the time, as if their porkships were keeping holiday on the strength of the renewal of their ancient prerogative.

A PRESUMPTION.

The Duke of Sussex is soon expected on a visit to our city. We presume that those *Editors* who paid so much homage to the *rank and fortune* of a certain Lord —— lately, will be for placing the *son* of Royalty upon the list of their *titular Gods*.

TOO MUCH COOKERY SPOILS THE BROTH.

The corporation have taken the hint we lately gave them touching their lamps, and have set about cleaning them accordingly. However, in many instances, they have overshot the mark, for not contented with merely rubbing off the dirt, they have absolutely *washed the glasses away altogether*.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

Mr. Randolph the leading council for the defence of Mr. Avery asserted last week that modern newspapers, were, of all things in the world, the *last sources of truth*. We are afraid the learned gentleman must have overlooked at the time, the credit that was due to a *lawyers argument*.

LOOK OUT.

A certain young gentleman about town, has been telling a few of his *particular friends*, that he had a mind to send *us a challenge*. All we can tell this "sprig of chivalry" is, that we are at all times ready for him; and further, most solemnly do we vow a sheet of fool's cap to the god of war, that if he presumes to come within the shadow of our domicile we will ring *changes* from his *empty head* with the barrel of a goose quill.

MIRACLES.

A number of miracles are lately flying about town on the wings of rumor, we copy a few of them for the information of our readers, but at the same time trust they will avoid putting too much reliance in flying reports.

It is whispered that James Watson Webb of the Courier having joined a society of Methodists has sworn hence forward to meddle no more with politics, or theatres—*doubtful*.

There is a strong rumor current that Mr. Stone of the Commercial has joined a temperance society, and sworn against Turtle soup——*a flat lie*.

The portrait painters of this city, and of all other cities in general have come to a determination to practice no more flattery.—*There is some probability in this, but if so the poor devils may as well burn their pallats.*

It is reported that Graham, the celebrated lecturer on the glories of saw dust and water, was lately discovered regaling in an oyster cellar as fiddled as a tinker, at a funeral—*nothing very unlikely in this.*

It is also whispered that one of the editors of the J—— of —— lately gave a beggerman a shilling.—*This may pass as there is no accounting for what men will do in moments of insanity.*

It is said that a certain very loquacious old lady up town laid a wager about a month since, of 100 dollars, to keep her peace for *a whole day*, and absolutely won it.—*This completely staggers our credulity, but if it turns out to be true, all we can say is that miracles will never cease.*

It is expected that the President will arrive here about Thursday next, and it is much to be hoped that the present wet weather will not then exist to damp the ardour of his reception. It is now nearly eight en years since the Veteran General visited the "Empire City," and we can imagine the surprise he will feel at finding how the "men of Gotham" have found out an expanding power in those hitherto unmalliable substances called "bricks and mortar," causing them to stretch out into the shape of streets and avenues over miles of space where nothing but "gross grass had grown."

Preparations on the most extensive scale are being made by our authorities and Citizens, and we sincerely trust that the warmth of his reception will be worthy our revered Chief Magistrate, and creditable to the greatest city in the Union.

An old adage teaches us the advantage of having "two strings to your bow," but Julia reversed it, and kept two beaux in her string. One possessed of sense and knowledge of the world, the other had nothing to boast of but his very white gloves, and his very bright boots. A complete puppy. Talking like Gratiano, "an infinite deal of nothing," his rival was heard to soliloquize with Macbeth.—time was, that when the brains were out the man would die." A laugh being raised, by the quotation, the Lady's lap dog joined the noise and added his "bow, wow," by way of chorus. "What can possibly cause that little dog to make such a noise" said the unconscious fop,—"Oh it is very natural,—you see he is barking at your polished boots,—said Julia,—no doubt he thinks he sees in them another puppy, just like himself.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.

"Frances the First" was re-produced at this Theatre on Monday Evening, but without any thing new either in the characters or the arrangements. Mr. Kemble was of course the Duke of Bourbon, and dressed himself so closely after the known portraits of the haughty Duke that he looked as like the picture as if he had just stepped out of the frame. Mrs. Sharpe was excellent in her delineation of the proud and tyrannous Queen. Her person was commanding and her costume in admirable taste.

The text and the dresses in the play were sometimes sadly at variance, especially when a description of rattling spurs and clinking armour, ushered in a knight dressed in his holiday silks. Frances, which the fair authoress has selected for herself, presents no opportunity for the display of those impassioned bursts in which Miss Kemble is so particularly happy, though none else of course could better embody her own poetical conception.

Sheridan's immortal Comedy of the "School for Scandal" was acted on Tuesday, and its brilliant wit and pungent satire, though long familiar to the ears of all, shone forth by their sterling quality as brightly as though they had on them all the gloss of novelty. But we have so few of these drawing room plays now on our boards, that want of practice seems to have caused a negligence in the needful punctilio of the scene,—else it surely cannot be necessary to remind any one that it is not the custom of polished life to sit in a gentleman's drawing room with a hat in one hand and a stick in the other.—It has also somewhat of an anomalous appearance to see one half the characters adopt the dress of the last century, while the other is somewhat ultra even in the fashion of the present day,—and to observe Crabtree and Sir Ben in their ancient suits, elbowed at Charles's table by certain anonymous gentlemen in most unnameable costumes. Mr. Kemble has long been acknowledged the best representative of the polished gentleman on the English stage, and his personation of Charles Surface fully bears out his reputation. Mr. Placide is the best Sir Peter on the stage, and he worked up the quarrelling scenes with "my Lady Teazle" in a finished, masterly style. Miss Kemble's "Lady Teazle" was full of spirit, and Mrs. Vernon's "Mrs. Candour" was admirably acted and elegantly dressed.

The Stranger drew a full house and a full flow of tears on Thursday evening, and the display of white cambric before the bright eyes of those who listened to Mrs. Haller's tale of penitence and woe was enough to stock all the dry good stores in Pearl street. The effect seemed absolutely epidemical,—a sort of dramatic influenza, caught in the same manner and exhibiting no very dissimilar symptoms.

Mr. Kemble took his benefit and his farewell last night,—at least for the present season. His talented and amiable daughter departs with him for Philadelphia to-day, to do an act of kindness in playing for the benefit of that veteran public favorite, Mr. Cooper. They are about to visit the Canadas and the romantic scenery of the Falls, and in taking our farewell of

TRIAL OF THE REV. EPHRAIM K. AVERY.

TUESDAY MORNING, May 7th, 1833.

The Court met this morning at the hour of nine.

On the motion of the Attorney General the prisoner was brought into Court, and took his seat at the Counsel table. He was dressed in a dark frock coat, with a surtout, black vest and pantaloons. He wore a pair of green spectacles.

Clerk.—Ephraim K. Avery, hold up your hand. The indictment, containing three counts, was here read. The first charged the prisoner with choking and strangling Sarah Maria Cornell, at Tiverton, in the county of Newport. The second count was substantially the same as the first, adding that the said Sarah M. Cornell was bound to a stake. The third count charged that various bruises or wounds were inflicted by the prisoner on the said female, whereof she instantly died.

Whilst listening to the details of crime set forth in this fearful document, the prisoner kept his gaze steadfastly fixed on the Clerk. He betrayed not the slightest symptom of embarrassment or discomposure; unless indeed the evidences of some internal convulsion or disturbance could be gathered from the rapid movement of the lip, as if in the process of chewing. He stood in an erect and unshaken attitude, with the right hand lodged in the breast of his surtout, and the left extended and resting lightly on the back of a chair.

Clerk.—How say you? prisoner. Are you guilty, or not guilty?

Prisoner.—Firmly and emphatically,—Not guilty, sir.

Clerk.—How will you be tried?

Prisoner.—*By God and my Country.*

Clerk.—God send you a good deliverance.

The prisoner was then directed in the usual form to make his challenges, as the Jurors should come to be sworn.

The formation of the jury engaged the attention of the Court the whole of this day and during the latter part of

WEDNESDAY, May 8th.

The following is a list of the Jury:

Eleazar Trevett, Foreman.	James Easton,
Joseph Martin,	William Reed,
Charles Lawton,	Gideon Peckham,
George Tilley,	Milton Hall,
Horatio Taylor,	Edwin Wilbor,
Noah Barker,	John Sherman.

The evening being rather advanced, the court was adjourned until nine o'clock on

THURSDAY MORNING, May 9th.

It was generally understood that the case for the prosecution would have been opened by Mr. Staples. Circumstances having occurred to render that office unpleasant to him, the opening was undertaken, on brief notice, by Mr. Pearce.

In the course of a long and lucid statement of the case, he made use of the following strong language:—

The deceased, Sarah M. Cornell, was found dead on the morning of Friday, the 21st December about the hour of nine. When discovered, she was hanging at a stake between five and six feet high, near a stack of hay on the premises of Mr. John Durfee, distant three quarters of a mile from the compact part of the village of Fall River. At five o'clock the previous evening, she had left her home in health and spirits. At the time she was found, there were various circumstances connected with the cord and its adjustment on the neck, which subsequently led to the supposition that the act was not the act of the deceased, that it could no have been committed without some aid or assistance; that from the very position of the cord and the manner in which it was fastened, she could not have adjusted it herself—that her death must have been produced by suffocation and strangling—and that some person must have carried her to the stake and must there have bound her. We shall show that, when found, her cloak was fast to her person—that her hands were inside her cloak—that one arm was hanging loose by her side, and the other bent up against her breast—and that there were bruises about the body which must have been made by hands other than her own. We shall show from the condition and situation of her hair that violence must have been used by another—and by the situation of her comb that she must have struggled with some one else. If we prove these facts, I think we shall satisfy you that her death was the result of violence and that it could not have been produced by her own act.

Expecting to establish this point, and looking to it as a starting place, the material question is, by whom was the act committed? If, having established the point alluded to, we can show a previous intimacy existing between the deceased and the prisoner, and such an one as to induce the prisoner to commit this act or some act similar to it, then without further investigation we furnish a probable cause to show that the prisoner is the man. But we do not stop here. I am warranted in saying that the present is as strong a case of circumstantial evidence and presumptive proof, as was ever submitted to the consideration of a Jury. If we can show that the prisoner, with this previous inducement, can be so traced as to lead to the belief that he might have done this act, then we have additional reason for saying that he did it. If it turns out (and so it turned out) that on the twentieth of December last, a cold and wintry day, so cold that the body of deceased when found was frozen, the prisoner without reason or excuse, and without imparting his intention to his neighbors or his family, left home and was absent a whole night, and that the reasons that he assigned for his absence were not the real causes, but such as were inconsistent with the nature of things, and in themselves palpably absurd—if we trace him from Bristol at two o'clock on the 20th of December, down to the place where John McCurry lives, thence to Howland's Ferry or the Stone Bridge—hence past Lawton's house—thence 40 or 50 rods above on the road to Fall River—thence over a wall and out of the main road to the village so called,—thence to a secluded place near the Stackyard,—if we can trace him back again and land him at Jeremiah Gifford's house about the hour of ten the same evening,—and if, in addition to this, we can give evidence of violence arising from the screams which were heard, we submit it very strong case to show that the death was produced by violence, and that such violence, was committed by the prisoner. If, moreover, we prove, by a correspondence between the deceased and the prisoner, that the time and place where they met had been previously arranged, and if we there leave them together—we place before you such a strong tissue of circumstances, as in our opinion, will bring you to the conclusion that the prisoner must have been the author of the deed.

Joseph Durfee and William Durfee were the first witnesses examined, their testimony went to prove the finding of the body under very suspicious circumstances, which left them under the impression that the unfortunate girl could not have been the contriver of her own death. Joseph Durfee saw a man on the ground, in figure strangely resembling Mr. Avery, but he could not see his face.

Seth Darling, Assistant Postmaster at Fall River examined. On Monday the 13th of November last, I made up the mail to Bristol. It was directed to the Rev. Mr. Avery of that place; the water appeared to be wet. I heard two letters drop into the Box. The letter was produced with the post mark Fall River Nov. 13th and figure 10,) and the witness identified it as the one marked by him, and addressed to Mr. Rawson.

Cross-Examined.—[This witness was one of the Committee of Vigilance appointed for the purpose of bringing to light the mysterious circumstances connected with Miss Cornell's death, and underwent a cross-examination as to the organization and purposes of that Committee. He then testified,] I first mentioned the circumstance of the two letters, in fall River. I remember the day of this transaction, because the Post Master was sick, and from other circumstances. It has constantly impressed on my mind that one of these letters alluded to was addressed to Mr. Avery.

Doctor Hooper and Dr. Wilbor were examined touching the appearance of the body. Nothing, however, very conclusive could be elicited from their evidence.

Benjamin Manchester.—I saw the body of the deceased lying in the stack yard. I saw the cord round the stake, it had four strans. I examined the knot and found it was two half hitches. I remarked she was more of a sailor than a weaver. The cord was drawn very snug up to the stake. From thence I went to my labor, and a little west or north from the place where the body lay, say 18 or twenty rods, I found a piece of a comb.

Comb produced and identified.]

I work on the land belonging to Andrew Robinson, about 30 rods north and a little west of the stack yard. About sundown on the 20th December last, after our labor was over, Abner Davis and I started for the west end of the meadow towards the shore leaving a heavy charge of powder in a rock on which we had been working, with the train lighted. When we had arrived near the end of the meadow, we discovered a man walking, with the skirts of his coat in his hands. He was going in a direction where he was liable to be in danger. We sung out to him—and just as he halted, the powder took fire. The man canted his head a little, till the stones had done falling; if he had continued on his way, the stones would have fallen pretty near him. He was dressed in a brown surtout, buttoned snug around him, and had a large hat with a wide brim. He was of a size taller than the common height. I could not distinguish his features. When the rock had blown up, he went off. His course, at first, appeared nearly square across the meadow; he then hauled up a little more easterly for the south-west part of the village of Fall River. Since then, I have seen Ephraim K. Avery. From what I saw, the dress and height of the man on the lot resembled in every particular those of Mr. Avery. About a hundred yards from the stack-yard, there was a cart standing. It contained the bags in which some of our working implements were stored; the bags are sewed with such stuff as that found to the stake.

Other witnesses corroborated Manchester's testimony.

William Hamilton.—In the evening of the 20th of last December, about half past seven on my way home near Taunton to Fall River, I called at the store of Benjamin Hambley to get something to drink. When I rose to go away, some of them looked at their watches and told me it lacked ten minutes of 9 o'clock. As I was crossing the hollow near John Durfee's house I heard screams, and then stifled groans, as if from a female. I thought some one was beating a woman. The sounds seemed to come from the back part of the orchard or in a direction through it. I started to get to the rising of the hill to ascertain what it was but I heard nothing more.

Cross examined.—I heard the groans occasionally for 3 or 4 minutes. They came from the direction of the stack-yard, or near there.

Benjamin Hambley.—I remember that William Hamilton called at my store on the evening of the 20th December and that I looked at my watch just as he went away. It wanted twenty minutes of 9 o'clock.

Cross-examined.—There was a difference of about fifteen minutes between my time and that of Fall River, as regulated by the Factory bells. I know this, because Mr. Gooding the watchmaker, keeps his regulator ten minutes in advance of the factory.

Eleanor Owen.—I live at Tiverton, near Fall River. On the evening of the 20th of December, whilst sitting at home, I heard the screams of a woman's voice. The factory bell was ringing, and we had cords of wood spitting up at the time. I told the boy to open the door that I might hear more distinctly, but I did not hear screams again. It was half past seven by the bell.

SATURDAY, May the 11th.

Ruth Cook, assisted in laying out the body, and corroborated the testimony of the other female witnesses as to the marks which were found.

William Pearce, junior.—I reside at Bristol Ferry, and am one of the ferrymen. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of last December, I carried Ephraim K. Avery across the ferry to Portsmouth. He was dressed in a surtout or box coat, of a color rather brownish, and I think he had a dark colored hat. I do not think he had spectacles on nor that he had any cane or bundle in his hand. He crossed in the sail boat. I had not crossed that day with the horse boat the wind had been blowing so fresh. At the time he crossed the wind was in the west. I think I crossed with him at the four days meeting. At that time I think he wore the cloak. I think I crossed with him once between the four days meeting and the 20th December. Those other times I think he wore spectacles, but I am not certain. I think I saw the boat coming over when he returned, but I could not distinguish who he was.

Cross-examined.—He asked me where the coal mine was; I never saw the prisoner at the Ferry without a cloak excepting this once.

Jeremiah Gifford.—I keep the Bristol Ferry. I did not know Mr. Avery at the time he crossed the ferry between two and half past two on the 20th December. I know him now, and saw him on that day when landed on the wharf at Portsmouth. I did not see the course he took. He came into my house about a quarter before ten of the same night. I had been abed and asleep. I heard a noise and got up. I went to the back door and found Mr. Avery in the sink room. I observed "it is late," and he replied, "scarcely so late as you imagine." I said, "we'll look at the clock," and we did so; it was a quarter before ten. He wanted me to cross, and said that brother Warren had informed him that he could pass at any hour. I said the weather was "so tedious" that I thought I would not go over. He said he had been upon the island on some business; and that had he known he could not have got over, he would have gone to Brother Cook's and staid all night. He said his family were not well, and would expect him back. I replied that there were physicians in Bristol if needed; and I then proposed his going to bed. He then proceeded to bed. I did not perceive any thing peculiar in his appearance, nor did I hear any complaints as to his being tired or lame. The next morning my son William carried him some. He had on a brownish colored surtout, rather longer than a box coat, and a hat rather of a large size; the brim was rather wider and the color black. To my recollection he had no spectacles on at any time that I saw him, that night. Robert Hicks lives in the small house next above me, widow Ayre next to that.

George Lawton—I keep the bridge tavern at the east side of the stone bridge at Tiverton. On the afternoon of the 20th of December, I noticed a person crossing the bridge on foot walking very fast. He had on dark clothes, a surtout coat, and hat with, rather a broad brim. I never knew Mr. Avery before that time. I was at the Bristol examination. Some one said "there goes Avery." I saw three men walking abreast, and I then thought that the middle one resembled the person who crossed the bridge. After that, I saw him in court.

Cross-examined—I do not swear that he is the man; only that he resembles him.

Anna Norton—Resides with her father at Tiverton, just to the northward of the stone bridge. On the afternoon of the 20th December, past three, I saw a gentleman coming from the bridge and walking very fast. As he drew near I observed his dress, and supposed from it that he was a Methodist Minister of the Island or Bristol. He was tall; it was just at dusk, and he was walking from me. I saw his countenance. I have since seen Mr. Avery at Bristol; his height, hair, and complexion, were the same.

Many other witnesses swore to the same effect.

Jane Gifford. I am the daughter of Jeremiah Gifford, the Keeper of the Bristol Ferry, and was at home on the 21st of December. On that morning I saw Mr. Avery, I said I did not know you were going to preach last night. He replied, I have not been preaching. I have been to brother Cook's on business. He said his family was sick. There is a John Cook, a member of the Methodist church, who resides within two miles of our house; there is also a Wm. R. Cook, a member of the same church, near us.

Cross-examined. I heard my father say it was half past nine o'clock. Mr. Avery had a cane; I do not know of what size.

Mrs. Harriet Hathaway. I reside at Fall River, and knew Sarah Maria Cornell. She boarded in my house. The last time I saw her was on the afternoon of the 20th December. She stated she was going to Joseph Durfee's, and that she should probably return immediately; but that if she did not, she would be at home at 9 o'clock. She got her supper and went out. I waited up till 10 o'clock; I then went to bed, leaving the door unfastened. She worked at Mr. Anthony's mill, and had requested me at noon to have her supper ready by or before dark. The usual hour of leaving the mill is half past seven. She had been more cheerful through that day than usually was. Before she went out, she changed her frock, and put on a better one than she usually wore. She wore a calash and cloak. She had boarded three weeks with me, and during that time no one visited her. She left a trunk and band box. I delivered them to John Durfee. The key was in the pocket of her garment I did not see which way she went when she left the house. I know the comb which she usually wore in her hair. [Comb produced and identified; there being two teeth out of the end.] I saw her have three letters; a pink, a straw colored, and a white. Letters published. Those appear to be the same. She did not read them to me. She was not in the habit of being out in the evenings. I never saw the trunk or band box open, nor ever saw her with a pocket book.

John Orswell. In the month of November last, I was engineer of the steam-boat "King Philip," plying between Fall River and Providence. She ran to Providence on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; and thence to Fall River on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. [The pink letter was produced.] I have seen this letter before. I first saw it in the hands of a gentleman in Providence, who has since proved to be Mr. Avery, the prisoner. After breakfast, between the hours of eight and nine, he came down the gangway-plank and enquired if I would be on hand to take a letter for him to Fall River. I told him he might put in the letter box, but he did not wish to do so, for he wished it to be delivered as soon as the boat arrived. I said that I did not carry any letters myself, and that the hands were not permitted to carry any. He replied that I should be doing him a great favor, and I therefore took it and delivered it. The person who handed me the letter wore a cloak, and a black hat with a broad brim. After the girl's death, Mr. Cole asked me if I knew the person who delivered the letter to me. I replied that I did not know him by name, but that I should know him if I saw him again, and on Christmas day I went to Mr Paul, the deputy sheriff in Bristol, and asked permission to see Mr. Avery. I went with Mr. Paul accordingly to Avery's house, and on entering the room I saw three or four gentlemen sitting there, and I expected to see Mr. Avery among them but did not. Mr Paul, however, went for him, and the instant he entered the room I recognized him. Mr. Paul told him that I was the engineer who was supposed to have carried a letter from him to the deceased at Fall River. Mr. Avery shook hands with me, and enquired if I had carried such a letter for him. He then said it would be a great satisfaction to him and his friends to know whether I would swear in court, that he was the man, or not. I replied that if it would give any satisfaction either to him or them, I would then state what propably I could swear, viz. that to the best of my recollection and judgment, he was the man. I have no doubt in my mind that he is the man.

TUESDAY, May 14th.

After some discussion the pink letter was read, addressed on the outside "Miss Sarah M Cornell, Fall River, Mass. To be left at Mr. Cole's." We give it as in the original.

Providence, Nov —, 1831.

Dear Sister—I received your letter in due season, and should have answered it before now but I thought I would wait till this opportunity, as I told you I am willing to help you and do for you, as circumstances are; should rather you would come to this place, viz. Bristol in the Stage of the 18th of Dec. and stop at the Hotel and stay till 6 in the evening and then go up directly across the main street to the brick building near the stone meeting house where I will meet you and talk with you—when you stop at the tavern either inquire for work or go out into the street in pretence of looking or something else and I may see you say nothing about me or my family should it storm on the 18th come the 20th if you cannot come and it will be more convenient to meet me at the methodist meeting house in summer-st just over the ferry on either of the above ev'gs I will meet you there at the same time or if you cannot do either I will come to fall river on one of the above evenings back of the same meeting house where I once saw you at any hour you say on either of the above evenings when there will be the least passing; i should think before the mills stop work this I will leave with you if i come i will come if it does not storm very hard, if it does the first i'll name the second write me soon and tell me which—when you write direct your letters to Betsey Hills Bristol and not as you have to me remember this your last letter I am afraid was broken open.

Were your calash and not your plain bonnet you can send your letter by mail.

S. M. C. Yours, &c., B. H.

Let me still enjoin the secret keep the letters in your bosom or burn them up.

The Attorney General then proposed to read the white letter of "Dec. the 8th." The Counsel on both sides were heard in argument for and against its admission, and the point was reserved.

The next Witness called was—

John Boyd.—I reside at Portsmouth, and two or three days after the examination at Bristol, I had a conversation with Avery as to where he had been on the 20th of December. He stated to me that he had crossed over the Ferry, went directly up the road, and got over the wall near the mill. "I steered off in a southwesterly direction I think till I came to a brook or rivulet: near this brook I saw a man with a gun." It is my impression that he said he had a conversation with this man, but I am not certain. He made some observation as to the man's dress, and said that his hat was dented in the fore part. He then said, "I passed on and came out between two houses, near the coal mines. I passed on till I came to a gate painted white or white washed; I went through the gate, and passed on (I think he said) in a southerly direction, till I came to a lot where there were some sheep.—Near by this lot, I saw a boy." Then he said, I passed on over another brook or rivulet to the westward of Freeborn's house. I then thought I would go to sister Wilcox's. I think in a southwesterly direction. I passed a bridle path, and I think some old rivulets: and I came out near the Union Meeting-house." I do not recollect any observation he made till he was on the meeting-house hill, when he saw some sparks flying out of a building that he took to be Wm. J. Cook's shop. He did not designate the road he took

Bailey Burden. I lived at Fall River on the 20th of last December. I resided there during the camp meeting. On the 20th of October, between the hours of nine and ten in the evening, on my return from Tiverton, I met a gentleman and a lady. He was tall and wore a cloak, and had on a black hat. I saw them come up Spring street, and turn round the corner.—They walked together as far as I could see them.

Mary D. Burden. On Saturday evening the 20th of October, I went to spend the evening at my husband's sister's, and on returning with him about half past nine o'clock, I met a man and woman. She looked full in my face, and I recognized her. It was Sarah Maria Cornell. The man was tall and had on a broad-brimmed hat, and a dark cloak. I turned round to observe how far they were going together, for they were in earnest conversation. My husband bade me walk on.

Cross-Examined. I looked closely at her that I might ascertain who she was. She had black eyes, dark hair, and rather dark complexion. I have never seen her since, except when she laid dead, but I knew her to be the same.

WEDNESDAY, May 15th.

George Duvall deposed that he knew Mrs Spink, of Fall River, and that he heard Mr. Avery, "improve" at her house on the evening of Saturday, the 20th of October—the last of the four days' meeting.

Question—Did you ever become bound for Sarah M. Cornell, in a case of theft.

Answer—No.

Cross-examined. There was one letter from Fall River, and two, or one at least, from Taunton, directed on the outside to me.

By the Court. I say under oath that I believe the scrap to be her hand writing.

The Attorney General here proposed to read to the jury the letter, (being the straw colored one) which was addressed "S.M. Cornell," and bore the post-mark "Warren;" and also the slip of paper the hand writing of which had been deposed to by the last witness.

The point was argued ably and at length by the counsel on both sides.

The Court. We are of opinion that the letter does not come within the rule which induced us to admit the other letters. And it is therefore ruled out. The slip of paper the handwriting being proved is evidence as to the state of mind of the deceased, and as such is to be admitted. It will not, however, go to the jury as any evidence of the murder, nor of any act of the prisoner's, but merely to show that the deceased did not leave home with the intention of committing suicide.

[The writing on the slip of paper was then read. It contained the following words:]

"If I am missing enquire of Rev. Mr. Avery, Bristol, he will know where I am gone.

December 20th, 1832. S. M. CORNELL.

Here the testimony for the prosecution closed. We have omitted a myriad of minor witnesses, but the body of their evidence may be gathered from that of those recorded above.

THURSDAY, May 16th.

THE DEFENCE.

After an elaborate and clever speech from Mr. Randolph leading counselor for the prisoner, the first witness was called.

1. Doctor Nathaniel Miller.—I reside at Franklin, Mass. I have been a practitioner of medicine nearly 40 years. According to my opinion, women are not good judges of the causes from which such marks of violence as are stated to have been found on the deceased have arisen, although they may be perfectly competent to give a description of them. The change which takes place after death is great. It is common for persons of both sexes who die, whether by hanging or not, to exhibit dark appearances about the lower regions of the abdomen, which become discolored before any other parts. You cannot place much reliance on such an examination. It must be taken in conjunction with other circumstances. These parts are the first to decay, and after thirty-six days they must be more or less decayed. There are cases, such as fracture of the skull, or where an instrument has been thrust through the body, in which one might rely on an opinion formed such examination; but not so, as to softer parts of the body. If a severe blow had been struck on the abdomen during life, the injury would appear as much in the interior as on the exterior; and would shew itself as quickly. A cart-wheel passing over it, would leave but little mark on the exterior surface. A fetus, I should think, ordinarily speaking, would reach the length of eight inches at the period of five months or more; its length at three months would be from three and a half inches; at three months and twenty days, from about three and a half to four inches; not, I should think, exceeding four. A foetus at one month would be a mere speck; at two months it would not be larger than an ant; at four months its length would be from five to five and a half inches; seven to seven and a half inches would be the extent. In my opinion, a foetus of eight inches at the age of three months and twenty days would be against all common experience, and quite out of the ordinary course.

On an examination made 36 days after death, the fact of the uterus being open or its neck discolored, would give to my mind no satisfactory proof of an attempt at abortion. I know little of the test of washing: but I should not differ much in this respect from Doct. Hooper. Grangrene will not wash out, a bruise will, after death. I should not put much confidence in it 36 days after death.

Jonathan Cady said—He saw Mr. Avery several times at the Camp Meeting alone—saw him at Mr. Elliott's, on Tuesday, at sunrise—on Wednesday evening, at the same house, after sunset—Saw him at various times at the Minister's stand. In the course of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, cannot say how often.

Sophiah Elliott, wife of John Elliott, testified, that Mr. Avery came to their house on Tuesday, and stopped with them during the Camp Meeting, held in Thompson—left their house early each day and returned in the evening, generally about 9 o'clock—Did not know Maria Cornell.—No female called upon Mr. Avery. To her personal knowledge, females have, in some instances, the monthly sickness after pregnancy.

John W. Elliot testified to the facts as stated by last witness as respected Mr. Avery's arriving and remaining at his father's house during the Thompson Camp Meeting. Did not know Maria Cornell, and did not see Mr. Avery with any female he did not know.

Cloe Elliott knew a female 9 or 10 years ago, who had her sickness a number of times during pregnancy.

Elias Scott deposed, he was a clergyman, and saw Mr. Avery various times during the Thompson Camp Meeting, and mentioned to him at one time that there were bad characters on the ground. Mr Avery replied, he supposed one of them was the Cornell girl, whom he had expelled from the Church at Lowell. On Friday Morning, Mr. Avery drove off in his chaise, he believes, alone. Believes he saw Mr. Avery on the Camp Ground after the horn sounded on Thursday—did not know Miss Cornell, and did not see Mr. Avery with any female he did not know. Mr. Avery mentioned the lewdness and the crimes of the Cornell girl two years ago. Mr Avery's character was good as far as I have means of knowing.

Abraham D. Merrill was at the Thompson Camp Meeting—saw Mr. Avery one Wednesday morning, the 28th of August, and frequently in the course of the day. Saw him on Friday morning before he left the ground. Miss Cornell's character at Lynn I was satisfied was bad. I saw Miss Cornell there. She came to shake hands with me, was much affected, and said, "Brother Merrill, you will forgive me." I told her nothing but a well-ordered life would secure my confidence. She left me. Mr. Avery's temper is good. I may have said, in allusion to his preaching; he was of warm temperament.

Henry Mayo was at the Thompson Camp Meeting, and saw Mr. Avery during that time—saw him with Brother Crandell. From sundown to the evening at 9 o'clock. Avery could not have been out of sight many minutes; saw Miss Cornell there, and said she ought to be married to save her credit. She had the appearance of being pregnant. I should have noticed Mr. Avery's absence from the tent ten minutes, because we were together in the tent.

Betsy Mayo stated the same as last witness. She also spoke to Miss Cornell, and Mr. Avery by his looks reproved witness for having noticed her.

Patty Bacon saw Miss Cornell at the Thompson Camp Meeting, and noticed to sister Waters that she was either married or ought to be; she had the appearance of being pregnant.

Abbey Hathaway said she knew Maria Cornell about 10 or 11 years ago, she came to the Lyman Mills, and called herself Maria Snow; she appeared distressed. I have since seen her at the Methodist Meeting at Providence, and her name was Maria Cornell. I do not know any criminal act of hers, but have seen her put her arms round a young man's neck, and act unbecomingly with him.

Josiah H. Ormsbee, resides at Providence, and about 10 years ago, detected Miss Cornell stealing a piece of Muslin.

Nathaniel Bullock—resides at Bristol, and was present with Mrs. Jones at Avery's house, and stated that she said the stranger who passed her house on the 20th Dec. was in appearance very like Mr. Avery. In some respects her evidence in court was materially different to the opinions expressed at that time. He did not recollect having stated, at Mr. Howland's that he had not advised Mr. Avery to go away. He did not recollect who was present when he advised Mr. Avery to leave Bristol.

Mary Davis—I live in Bristol. I was at Mr. Avery's when Mrs. Jones came there. She was not up stairs. I heard nothing said about keeping a secret; I was present when she went away, Mr. Avery handed her to the chaise, and no conversation passed between them in the entry. I think Mrs. Jones said more than once that Mr. Avery looked like the man.

Clarissa Monroe—I reside in Bristol. I saw Mr. Avery pass my house near sun rise on the 21st of last December; he was alone, and I saw nothing in his hand.

David Davol resides at Portsmouth; on the 20th December, a few minutes after 8, crossed the bridge and went round the bank, and thus avoided the toll gate. His shop was within 3 rods of the road leading to Tiverton, and did not see Mr. Avery pass that afternoon.

After this witness, several others were examined, who thought Mr. Avery could not have passed that afternoon on the road to Tiverton, as they lived or passed that way on the 20th December.

Accumulative evidence was called on the part of Government, and witnesses who were personally acquainted with Mr. Avery testified to having seen him, or some one very like him, towards the Ferry house after 9 o'clock on the evening of the 20th December.

This closed the evidence, and this trial, which had occupied the attention of the Supreme Court during the last four weeks, was submitted to the Jury, on Saturday evening at half past 7 o'clock. It was closed for the prisoner by the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, and for the State by the Hon. Albert C. Greene, Attorney General. Mr. Mason's defence of his client was able, ingenious and learned; and the Attorney General's close on the part of Government, equally so; and to our view, more conclusive and impressive.

It is due to the Attorney General to state that his management of this important case, which has excited the public mind to a degree hitherto unexampled in the annals of this country, was characterized with the greatest fairness and liberality towards the prisoner; and fidelity, judgment, and eloquence towards the State. The prisoner was ably defended, and the government ably represented. At the conclusion of the argument, the judge charged the Jury on the law of the case, without adverting to the testimony at all. He declined going into the evidence, it being, as he said, the province of the Jury to judge the facts from their own recollection of the testimony of the witnesses, as they understood it. He remarked, that it too often happened, where judges in capital cases charged the jury on the facts, that the verdict of the jury were mere echos of the judge.

The jury, after being out sixteen hours, returned into court at 12 o'clock on Sunday, and pronounced a verdict of Not Guilty.

Thus has this case been terminated; and we cannot but hope that the public will be satisfied with the result. Never was a case presented to a Jury requiring a longer or more laborious investigation; nor one more fairly and fully investigated. In charity to common humanity and justice to the Rev. E. K. Avery the judgment of the community should harmonize with the verdict of the Jury in pronouncing him not guilty.

Mr. Avery was discharged by the Court, and we learn he returned to his family in the afternoon to Bristol.

UNPARALLELED STEEPLE CHASE,

Over six miles of the warwickshire country between Mr. Osbaldeston's gray gelding, Grimaldi, and Colonel Charrite's gray gelding, Napoleon, for one thousand pounds.

To the Editor of the of Bell's Life in London.

SIR—I shall endeavor to describe to you for your sporting paper, the history of one of the most finished performances, in the way of steeple chasing, that I ever yet witnessed—and over the most brilliant and saucy country that could possibly be presented to the eye of a sportsman—a country replete with every description of fence—very tastefully watered with most magnificent brooks—one of which at all events, I believe, impracticable to any horse, that ever wore a bridle—but certainly, so formidable to face, that nothing but a dead-game man (and he must be a very audacious one, and a glutton) would have looked at it.

It was really physic, for the more you looked at it the nastier it was.

It may not be amiss to observe, for the instruction of some of your readers, not quite so experienced as the rest in Sporting Lexicography, that in speaking of a Good Man, I mean any thing but a moral man, and that the will bear in mind, when we talk of a good man, we mean an outer, or a trump.

To return to the Brook. The result of the last (the river Lem,) though only booked as a brook, will carry with it a pretty convincing proof of the nature of this aquatic expedition; but I must refer you to the two gentleman themselves, Mr. Osbaldeston and Captain Becher, who rode as gallantly as ever two men did, for any information respecting the quality of the water, whether saline, mineral or sulphureous. All I can say is—it was certainly a cold bath.

Before I enter on the detail of this steeple chase, I must hasten to express my unqualified admiration both of the men and of the horses.

Grimaldi's speed was too evident, to admit of Napoleon's having a chance, unless by superior fencing. That the latter is as formidable in the one as the other is in pace, is beyond the possibility of a doubt. Mr. Osbaldston was quite awake to this, and, like a skilful general, judiciously availed himself of it, for he waited the whole way upon Napoleon, and could only at the end come in, a clear length in front, always keeping his horse within himself, and capable of going by Napoleon, at will though the audacious manner in which Napoleon took his fences, rendered the speed of Grimaldi necessary to compete with his opponent.

I consider the riding of Captain Becher in this match to have been, without any exception, the most masterly performance ever exhibited in this country; and the gallantry displayed by this gentleman in charging the river, knowing, as he did, that he must be buried for a time with his horse, stands without a parallel.

Napoleon and he were out of sight for several seconds, and of course, both completely under water. They both rose and got to the bank; the Captain, half-drowned to appearance, mounted in a trice, and was at work in a very few seconds.

Shakspeare, speaking of Harry Monmouth, then Prince of Wales, says:—

"I saw young Harry with his beaver *on*,
His cuisses on his thigh, gallantly armed,
Spring from the ground like feather'd Mercury."

Were I permitted to attempt a parody of these lines, I should say—

"I saw stout Becher, with his beaver *off*,
Shaking his dripping locks—gallantly soaked,
Spring from the brook like *Neptune's counterfeit!*
Then, vaulted with such ease into his seat,
I thought that *Castor* had appeared again,
To guide Napoleon through his wide career,
And witch the world, with noble horsemanship."

The circumstance of the gentlemen, who were *hearing the lead*, to sound the shore for Mr. Osbaldeston as he came up to take the river, prevents me from sounding the Squire's praise so loudly as I might otherwise do. For, although no man could come more nobly to the charge—no modern or ancient Nimrod could force his horse with more determined resolution into the stream, I consider that his friends have torn the laurel from his brow, by standing at a particular spot, on the opposite bank, to show him the point of attack.

I beg leave, Mr. Editor, to submit to your consideration whether this proceeding of sounding the river for Mr. Osbaldeston, although very Christian-like, was not excessively uncharitable. Of course I do not mean to be personal to Mr. Dick Christian. The country was selected by the umpires—T. Crommelin, Esq. for Colonel Charritie, and Mr. Kench for Mr. Osbaldeston. The start took place precisely at one o'clock, in a field near to Berlingbury-wharf, and the winning-post was a red flag near to Dunchurch-windmill. The line was nearly a semi-circle, at the commencement, from the wharf to Gibraltar-farm—which they were to leave on their left hand—thence to the village of Broadwell, across the brook, close to Hardwick-bridge—thence to Bratt's-farm, where they had to jump the River Lem. When the horses came to Broadwell, the last four miles were straight—the windmill being a conspicuous point throughout.

The conditions of the match were—That the riders might pass on either side of the white flags, which were placed in the direct line; but that Gibraltar-farm, where a red flag was placed, should be passed on their left. That at each of the two brooks two blue flags would be planted, between which they were to be taken.

Captain Becher's horse fell at the first fence, but he quickly recovered his seat, and took his line to the left, while Mr. Osbaldeston went away to the right. About three quarters of a mile from home they were close together, and on crossing the high road, Mr. Osbaldeston went away to the left, to avoid a double fence, which was on the line. Napoleon cleared this fence very cleverly, as he did every thing in the race, with the exception of the first. Grimaldi refused several times, one day near Gibralter Farm, when Mr. Osbaldeston was leading (a double fence,) and with his chest knocked down the rail; Napoleon cleared it in his stroke. On coming out of the orchard, near to Broadwell, Mr. Osbaldeston had the lead, and maintained it, but his horse refusing a low stile, and afterwards some hurdles, allowed the Captain to get away.

The superior speed of Grimaldi enabled him quickly to recover his last ground, and both horses cleared the fence together into the field, where the first brook was to be taken. Here, Mr. Osbaldeston, instead of passing between the flags, left them both on his right hand. Napoleon topped the whole in very grand and superior style, for, independent of the brook, there was a hedge on the opposite side. At the place where Mr. Osbaldeston took the brook, a large gap was observed, and it was a matter of surprise to every one, why Mr. Osbaldeston should make this his point, and distinctly leave both flags on his right (in defiance of the conditions of the match) when there was plenty of room between the flag for fifty horses to pass abreast of one another. In about half a mile the River Lem crossed their line, where the majority of the spectators placed themselves.

To the infinite amusement of all assembled, both horses jumped into the middle of the stream, and for a few seconds were invisible. Captain Becher was the first remounted, though the last in, and the advantage he gained was considerable. He rode gallantly to maintain it, taking his fences without at all deviating from his line; but the superior speed of Grimaldi, and the easy line he took, close to the road side, avoiding three or four heavy fences, enabled him to win the race a clear length.

Napoleon proved himself, throughout the contest, the better fencer; but the very superior speed of Grimaldi always gave him the opportunity of recovering his ground. Much discussion took place at the conclusion of the race, in consequence of Mr. Osbaldeston's Umpire asserting that Captain Becher had also passed on the wrong side of the blue flag. But this ascertion was unsupported by evidence. Whereas the Referee, Mr. Henry Robins, on returning to the brook, quickly established the fact, and stated to both umpires publicly, that Captain Becher had taken the brook conformably to the conditions of the match, and that Mr. Osbaldeston had gone on the wrong side of the flag. The number of fences in the six miles was forty four; the first brook was the thirteenth, and the River Lem the thirty-eighth. The whole distance was performed in twent y-one minutes.

I cannot conclude my letter without observing, that it was a most unwarrantable act on the part of Mr. Kench (Mr. Osbaldeston's Umpire,) after the statement of the Referee, to prevent Captain Becher from going to scale, unless Mr. Osbaldeston were permitted to do the same—because no ground of complaint existed against Captain Becher, whereas it had been indisputably proved that Mr. Osbaldeston was distanced. It was finally agreed that it should be a drawn battle, and that each should take back his stakes, and all bets on the match declared void—

"Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum."

I am, Sir, your ob'd't servant,
AN ATTENTIVE OBSERVER.

Leamington, April, 9.

Foreign Intelligence.

ENGLAND.—April 26, 1833.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Malt Duty.—Lord Althorp having again moved that the speaker do leave the Chair

Sir W. Ingleby rose to make his motion for the reduction of the duty on malt. After some discussion in which Mr. Cobbett made a rather anti-temperance speech, declaring that the diffusion of cheap pots of beer was better than the diffusion of cheap useful knowledge, the motion passed, leaving the ministers in a minority of 10.

The result was received with loud cheers.—In conformity with the etiquette usually observed on such occasions, on the following day Lord Grey waited upon his majesty to tender his resignation. The King, however, did not think fit to accept it.

Death of Distinguished Persons.—Sir Christopher Robinson, Judge of the Admiralty Court, died in London on the 22d of April, in the 70th year of his age. He had sat in the Admiralty Court in the first session of the April term, and appeared in his usual health and spirits. He complained the day previously of illness. He officiated, during the greater part of the late war, as King's Advocate, in which capacity, and as the leading counsel of the Admiralty Court, he was engaged in nearly all the prize causes and captures of the time.

Lord Gambier, the High Admiral of England, died on the 20th of April.

The Earl of Carnarvon, died on the 21st.

FRANCE.

The London papers contain Paris dates to the 29th of April. They announce the prorogation of the French Chambers on the morning of the 25th, by the King in person. On the evening of the day on which the prorogation took place, the *Moniteur*, extra was published, containing a royal ordinance for convoking a new session on the 26th, the very next day, it will be perceived, after the prorogation. The object of calling the Chambers together again, after so short a recess is to obtain a vote of supplies for the ensuing year, and thus render the provisional credits which have latterly been granted to the government, unnecessary.

PORTUGAL.

Although the advices from Portugal by this arrival are voluminous, the substance of them is principally comprized in a letter from our correspondent. A letter dated at Oporto on the 18th of April, says:—

Since the affair of Monte Cabello fifty-one Miguelites have come over to us, and fifteen of our men have decamped during the same period. This fact proves the hostile army to be in a very dispirited condition, as the number who desert to us can bear but a small proportion to those who make their escape to their own homes in the rear; therefore, although our losses of that description are known, theirs can only be guessed at. Indeed the situation of men must be uncomfortable, who can

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. al2 1y

HANDSOME SUITE of unfurnished Apartments to let in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. m25 1m

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

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FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

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JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

JARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Tenbner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 254 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock.

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way. dec8.

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. in the basement, by
nov10 GRIFFIN & THOMAS.

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regil. Mch 2

JOHN MANGIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.
Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epic e.
Jan19 JOHN A. MERRELL.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by JACOB SOUTHART.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentleman who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz —stictures, gleets, gonorrhæ, syphilis, seminal weakness, and the various complications of these diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have enabled him to introduce several important facilities in the treatment and cure of these diseases. He had discarded from his practice those nauseous mixtures that are often prescribed for the cure of gonorrhœa, etc.
Strangers are apprised that Dr. G. has received a regular professional education, and confines his practice to the treatment of this class of diseases.
His office is at No. 2 Ann-street, near Broadway, second and third door from the American Museum, where he may be consulted until 10 in the evening daily. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.
☞ Private entrance to the office third door from the Museum.
N. B. Persons at a distance by describing their case and enclosing a fee will have the remedy suited to their case, forwarded to order. Letters must be

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR streets, New York.

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to favor us with its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course we have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 5th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, at all the vacancies of the day, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of the class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from 9in rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable, being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends* N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them be shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany.
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL,
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense*. june 1y

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Parsgon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this Line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.

FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

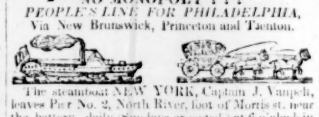
RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent.*

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
To intersect the New Haven Steamboats.

STAGES will leave Wilde's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

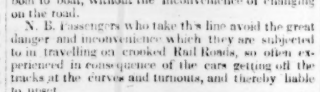
Stages and Steamboats.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA,
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.



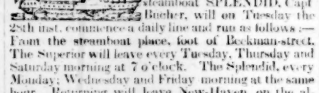
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reside's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon. Fare through $2 50.
To Perth Amboy, and New Brunswick 12 1-2 cts—To Trenton $1 50—Breakfast on board 37 1-2 cts.
The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.
For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.
N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.
The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, 5or
j1 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES



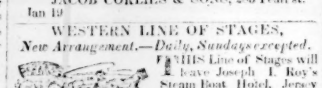
Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, Tremont House, Washington street, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had given up the ghost off the route—which had rewarded them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolize and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line of the route. m11

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.
Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.



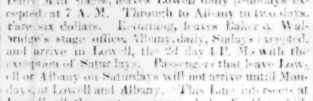
The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt Bucher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows:—From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.
The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.
Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. m30

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.



The steamboat GENERAL JAMES, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. & J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.



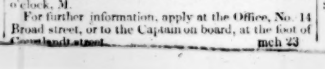
THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morristown, Sucksaway Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Peterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Beckertown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Oswego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, it intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesburre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesburre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Hickely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesburre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOAKS & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.

LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK
Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. Sundays excepted.

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY
Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Eaton & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, (Sundays excepted,) and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Monday, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 2d day at 4 P. M.—passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton to Lowell.
Passengers wishing to go from Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.



The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton st. & L. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days:—
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday	" 7	Saturday	" 9
Tuesday	" 12	Thursday	" 14
Saturday	" 16	Tuesday	" 19
Thursday	" 21	Saturday	" 23
Tuesday	" 26	Thursday	" 28
Saturday	" 30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

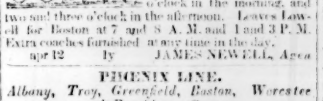
FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday	" 14	Tuesday	" 12
Tuesday	" 19	Saturday	" 16
Saturday	" 23	Thursday	" 21
Thursday	" 28	Tuesday	" 26
		Saturday	" 30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

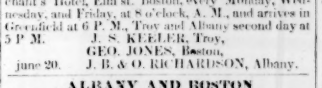
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woonstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 24 day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, S. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudly Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



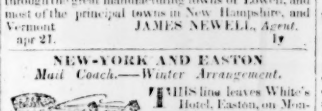
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*

PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.



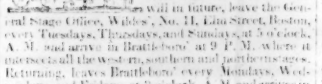
LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Leominster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KELLER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



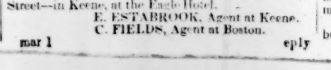
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reals's, City Coffee House, 236 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Remsen House, and at Chapin's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON,
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) a 7 o'clock, for New Hampshire Vermont, and Canada All of th above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Meadham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington*, &c. At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Manch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesburre*, &c. For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Counties slip, corner of Water-st. New York; Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa.; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co. Sandusky City O.; Gravaine & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20, 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDES, No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stages.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stages on the above mentioned routes will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the west-ern, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZENS'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1 eply

New Inventions.

RODGERS'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skilful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbon's-ville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other house, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD!—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of counting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits; and, from his long experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of Pretenders, may be regarded as impositions, and, as such, ought to be guarded against by the community.
N. B. The Patentee now offers for Sale, Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The Subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory,
188, *GRAND-STREET*,
An Ass